

SAHRAAVUKY POSH
(DESERT FLOWERS)

KRi-41



DINA NATH WALLI
"Almast Kashmiri"

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DINANATH WALLI

Almast Kashmiri



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PREFACE

Kashmir has ever been a source of inspiration to the poets and painters alike. I have tried to capture her beauty in my landscapes and verses. By their very nature my landscapes deal with Kashmir's external features and my reward has been the warmest appreciation and encouragement that I have received from my patrons from all parts of the world.

This enchanting land of Kashmir is a favourite recipient of nature's bounty. Despite that, or perhaps because of that, man's avarice has been responsible for robbing the simple Kashmiris of the fruit of their labours so that the natural beauty of the land is marred by the poverty of its inhabitants. This sad state of affairs continued for centuries and quite a few poets sang of it. And yet the thousands of tourists from other parts of the country and from foreign lands, who come here year after year for holidaying, sight-seeing and enjoyment, can hardly perceive this poverty.

Both the beauty and poverty of my homeland have inspired my muse and after using my brush to capture the former I used my pen to present the contrasting pictures of both. Through these verses I seek to convey to the world the heartbeats and yearnings of my compatriots from this part of my beloved mother land. My eyes cannot observe beauty without painting it for the discerning ones, and my heart cannot feel any injustice without conveying it to other feeling hearts.

The eye, it cannot choose but see,
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our hearts must feel wherever they be,
Against or with our will.

Exploitation of man by man is a well known fact of history the world over. India is no exception; nor is so my beloved Kashmir. In fact we have suffered more than most parts of the

world. It is, however, gratifying that the State and the Union Governments are making all-out efforts to banish the darkness of poverty and injustice. With the fruition of the current national socio-economic programme, Kashmir hopes to imbibe her beauty both internally and externally.

My numerous friends in India and abroad have always wanted to share my feelings. They purchase my landscapes and these are not bound by the barriers of language. My verses in Kashmiri they have wanted translated. Hence this volume. The poems have been translated by Shri R.N. Dhar and I am highly thankful to him. He has shown sympathy, understanding and rectitude in this onerous task which he completed to my full satisfaction.

I am deeply indebted to Professor S. N. Kaul, Head of the Department of English, Dyal Singh College, Karnal, who not only went through the translation but also put life into it through his masterly finishing touches, and at many places redoing it. I do not know how I can thank him for his valuable help.

Dina Nath Walli,
Almast Kashmiri.

THE AUTHOR

Having lived most of my life outside Kashmir I remained cut off from its multifaceted beauty. About Shri D. N. Walli I had heard of as a landscape painter of great repute and had also had the pleasing experience of seeing some of his canvasses. Among modern Kashmiri poets I had heard of only a few, Mehjoor being the greatest of all. But a few years ago I had the good fortune of meeting Shri D. N. Walli in person, and a better luck of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with him. It was then that I learnt quite a lot about his landscapes and verses. The former I admired and the latter I not only admired but also enjoyed.

Shri D. N. Walli was born in Srinagar (Kashmir) in 1908. When he was just two years old he lost his father and his relatives brought him up. This was a period of extreme poverty for him and he had to discontinue his studies after Higher Secondary level. But in early teens he showed a distinct aptitude for art and poetry and joined A. S. Technical Institute, Srinagar, where he completed a three-year course in just two years. Almost simultaneously he started writing poetry in Urdu and Kashmiri under the pen name 'Almast'—The Ecstatic one. His early verse was, understandably, only experimental in nature. However, his poetry could give him no livelihood and he had to take up a job. His Art teacher, Shri S. L. Khoru, got him one in the Madan Theatres at Calcutta. This could not satisfy his artistic urges and, after three years, he took to free-lance painting in Calcutta and Srinagar—his spiritual home, apart from being his native place. For his creative paintings he was awarded a Gold Medal in Kashmir in 1939 and a highly commended medal in Calcutta in 1940.

In Calcutta Shri Walli came in contact with late Percy Brown, a renowned authority on the art of the Indian sub-continent, who helped him considerably in the advancement of his career. He was instrumental in Shri Walli's first one-man exhibition of

paintings in Srinagar and warmly praised the canvasses exhibited. Shri Walli held his second such exhibition in Bombay at the Jehangir Art Gallery. Getting a lot of encouragement from the press and public praise, he held another exhibition, the same year, at Delhi in the All India Fine Arts and Crafts Gallery. Again the public and press response was highly encouraging. In 1956 he gave yet one more show in the Artistry House, Calcutta, and in 1964 in Delhi. An album of his Kashmir water colour paintings was published in 1970.

All this while Shri Walli's muse was not mute. His first collection of poems in Kashmiri, entitled 'Baala Yapaari'—This side of the mountain—was published in 1955. It was received very well in literary circles. Most of his poems he wrote between 1948 and 1960. This was a period of lull in Shri Walli's career as a painter. Pakistan's invasion of Kashmir and the consequent fall in the number of tourists visiting the valley, afforded the artist some respite and rekindled the poetic zeal in him. A selection from his outpourings of this period is now being published as 'Sahraavuky Posh'—desert flowers.

I am personally indebted to Almast Kashmiri for affording me a chance to rediscover some gems of modern Kashmiri poetry. Apart from conventional Gazals the volume includes some fine pieces of socio-economic content clothed in highly imaginative verse.

S. N. Kaul

FOREWORD

Walli Almast¹ is among the few talented men of his generation in Kashmir who are not only artists but also poets. What distinguishes him, however, from many artists and poets is courage and sincerity, that is, the courage to be true to one's own self. He would rather go his own way in painting or poetry than go along with the current of fashion or popular vogue. He has had the courage not to be one of those who, without the inner urge or compulsion, aptitude or training, for the new-fashioned in art, take to it for pelf or popularity. He does not paint abstract pictures; he does not write obscure poems. For this he has suffered, and he has not had his due from us. It is time that we evaluated his art and his poetry on their own merit, unprejudiced by any isms and eulogies.

Shri Walli paints from nature, but not merely just that and nothing more. The scenes and landscapes, Akbar's Bridge at Rainawari or Houseboat in Moonlight, for instance, though identifiable and for that very reason enriched by our personal association with them, have, almost always, a certain impalpable quality or a strange glow about them which enlivens them, and you wish to look at them again and again.

Shri Walli's collection of poems entitled *Sahraavuky Posh* (Desert Flowers) has been a delightful surprise for me. For one thing, his diction is remarkably chaste, and poetry is made of words whatever else it is made of. Remarkably, because our young men, largely town-bred, have lost touch with the countryside and, what is worse, they have been fed only on languages other than their mother tongue.

(1) *bo tsey kun vùch vùchiy toshan*
 tavay chhaa bāaly roshāanee
 myē dōpmay husn chhunā poshan
 tavay chha bāaly roshāanee

(Ghazal No. 14)

¹Dina Nath Walli Almast.

- (2) *chhus bo tolaan nazrav sùty yim naaz*
chhus vuraan baatan manz pata tim raaz
rozee saathaah khwor moornaav vyèsiye

(Ghazal No. 7)

- (3) *vati vati chhas baal vuchhaan*
kani phalinüy phaal vuchaan
loosim myè áchhy laal vuchaan
jaanaana beparvaaye

(Ghazal No. 17)

- (4) *yeti zangaráady chhiy pananiy nam tsam gaalaan*
zyevaráady chhikh pata kariniy pyethä daalaan
zyev gilvith phyetsanaavâaniye

(Van Râany)

His *vatsans* have the tonal quality and music, quick movement and dancing rhythm, and the mellifluous characteristic of Kashmiri *vatsan*. His ghazals are, no doubt, traditional in theme and style (and for this he need not be apologetic), yet now and again we come across verses which sparkle, and enliven them.

- (1) *naavi myaane aavalanisüy monz chhu*
vwony naachuk saroor
âasytan vwony door yaa nazdeekh
sâahil âasytan

(Ghazal No. 4)

- (2) *aafaaaban taapâ narivüy naalamati*
râtmâts zameen
zolnas bo rashkâ naaran maaramati
tsâ ti yizihe
neerthüy butâraats ândray toory
kasvaany vuchni draay
boznaavaan sozi dil kôstoory
kastaam vuchhni aay
aarâh kastaam kum chhi laaran
maaramati tsâ ti yizihe

(Maaramati...)

(3) *bonay dil dāarithūy rozakh nazrihāndy*
kaan kōt gatshahan
tsānay yim yor kun sozakh mye yim
armaan kōt gatshahan
yivaan kīrechhan vatan pyeṭh lutf chhuy
almastā sūy valaah
mye heeh devaanaṁ nay aāsan tā yim vāaraana
kōt gatshahan

(Ghazal No. 2)

(4) the ghazal beginning
lolā hāty armaan myaaneē
chaani kalāpyeṭhy aalvith

(Ghazal No. 1)

(5) *mye gomut chaani baapat hol*
vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy
mye kāḍy taarakh ganzrithūy dam
ōbranuy tim ti vwony khāṭynam
vuchiv asmāany yi ti maa tsol

(Ghazal No. 28)

What are Walli Almast's themes? None that are recondite (again, he need not be apologetic). His themes are the good old familiar matters of to-day and to-morrow, our natural sorrow, love or pain. And he is keenly sensitive to human suffering and human stupidity, to the widow's lament and the misery of "the Flesh on Sale", to the exploitation of the peasant and the worker, to the wretchedness of the lowliest and lost; and he would remake the world after his desire, as in the poem *Nehru's Dream*. He speaks of the *Goohy Khar*¹ and *Khary Haanzany*² and the village belle—

Swandri aki achivy kinyath kya chov dil (Dil)

(What is it that the eyes of the lovely maiden have offered my heart to drink?)

¹The Cow-Dung Collecting Maid and the ²Boatwoman Collecting Rushes.

He accosts the cloud and the lightning and sits sorrowing under the Moonlit Balcony waiting for his Love; he sings with gusto the songs of freedom on the Independence Day; he is entranced with the marvellous beauty of nature in the land of his birth; and he speaks of love and love's *lol* (longing) with a passionate yearning and of beauty which makes the world go round. For instance :

- (1) *paishüy kati aayi almasas*
mye kun yeli robare vuchhy tamy
mye kaatsaah tsumhi hyetsä paanas
dopum yi ti götsh na khaab aasun

(Ghazal No. 22)

- (2) *dil dith agar mye path kun*
laariyi ghazal khaanee
akh chaany meharbaanee
akh chaany meharbaanee

- (3) *beethy buzdil janda väly väliye*
sher dilnüy tsä vath haavaan
väaty manzillas traṭavüy taliye
vuzamaliye may khaṭh paan

(Vuzāmalā)

- (4) *dairu harmüchy phark kyaah ani*
phark parvaanas andar
shama dazuvun aasi kaabas yaa ki
butkhaanas andar
jantä nishi kam os kyaah almasta
nata dunyaah son
rozi yöd yinsāaniyath moojood
yinsaanas andar

(Ghazal No. 12)

or, this last couplet of the poem, *On Jawaharlal*,
yi baalav manza kasheere draamutuy
yuth akh javāahir laal
yemyuk gaah aalamas pyeth az
thadyov beyihan Himatluk baal

These illustrations should be enough to substantiate the claim I make for Shri Walli's poems. To quote him:—

*ganeemath daam kenh athi aay Almast
chhikas nata jaam rozaan sâary Saaqi*

(Ghazal No. 10)

I have great pleasure in introducing *Sahraavuky Posh* to the discerning reading public.

(Professor) J. L. Kaul

**A guide to the Roman Alphabet used in this book for
transliteration of Kashmiri words.**

Letter	Pronounced as the sound italicised in the English word	As used in the Kashmiri word	Meaning of the word in English
a	<i>luck</i>	akh	one
aa	<i>father</i>	raat	night
ä	<i>pertain</i>	achh	eye
aä	<i>bird, murder</i>	aäs	mouth
au	<i>cow</i>	au	yes
e	<i>male</i>	jel	jail
ee	<i>see</i>	teel	oil
é	<i>met (approx)</i>	tré	three
i	<i>sit</i>	pin	pin
o	<i>go</i>	mol	father
oo	<i>tool</i>	room	husband
ô	<i>oasis (short sound)</i>	ôn	blind
wo	<i>got (approx)</i>	swon	gold
u	<i>full</i>	kun	alone
û	<i>script</i>	tur	rag
uû	<i>long u sound</i>	tuur	cold
ü	<i>vowel sound beginning as u and ending as û</i>	gür	mare
ch	<i>chain</i>	chon	your
chh	<i>same as the Hindi consonant च</i>	pachh	fortnight
d	<i>this</i>	dod	pain
ḍ	<i>do</i>	ḍoon	walnut
ñ	<i>hunt</i>	tsoonñh	apple

th	<i>thing</i>	tham	pillar
t̥	<i>till</i>	not	pot
ṭh	same as the Hindi consonant ठ	vyōṭh	fat
ts	<i>tsar</i> (Russian)	tsam	skin
tsh	aspirate of <i>ts</i>	tshōt	short
'a'	short indeterminate sound at the end of a syllable of word	gara	home
'—y'	Combining with a consonant preceding it, as in मुन्य, सत्य, ग्रन्थ	kuly	trees
Consonants	b, f, g, h, j, k, kh, l, m, n, p, ph, r, s, sh, v, y, and z have the same sound as they normally have in English.		

From "An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse" by Trilokinath Raina,
1972, Sangam Press Ltd., 17 Kothrud, Poona-29.

I dedicate this book to those poor artists and craftsmen of Kashmir who, with their sweat and blood, lend colour and light to the world, but are themselves deprived of these.

Dina Nath Walli
(Almast) Kashmiri

GHAZAL No. 1

Lolā hāty armaan myāanee chaani kalā pethy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee chaani kalā pethy aalavith
Māany chāanee lantarāanee chaani kalā pethy aalavith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee chaani kalā pethy aalavith

Posh chhi kati butarāats pyeth tim yim kathan chaanyan haraan
Chaani khāatara kaamadeev maa sworgakis baagas pharaan
Navbahaarūch gul fishāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee chaani kalā pethy aalavith

Chāany husnan chownas bo dowotshi dwotshe aabe hayaat
Chāany lolan bakhshunam me motake gamā nishi najaat
Aalvith dunyaayi fāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith

Lookh dyaaran pyeth natsaan bo lolā taaran pyeth natsaan
Lukh sitaaran pyeth tā bo chaanyan ishaaran pyeth natsaan
Tshun mye dore aasmāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith

Bakhshumut me yeth jahaazas chhukh kutub baavuk yi dil
Rooz ath tsey kun sātsan dōl maa me beyi kuni kun ti dil
Sadrasay tarnich nishāanee chaani kala pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee channi kalā pethy aalvith.

Kaalā öbras manz chhi vuzamalā prazlitháy yuth dum tulaan
Kaala dilsüy manz mye zwon chonuy talaatum tyuth tulaan
Doth hish ashāchee ravāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith.

GHAZAL No. 1

Let my love-laden yearnings be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love;
I accept thy lantaranee*
If that be thy wish, my love.

Where on earth are such flowers as fall from
thy lips when thou talk?
Is it that Cupid steals them for thy sake
from the garden of Eden?
Let the showers of fresh spring-blossoms be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

Thy beauty has offered me the drink immortal
handfuls whereof I drank to my fill;
Thy love has liberated me from the fear of death.
Let this mortal world be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

People dance to the tune of wealth,
I dance to the dulcet notes of love;
It is the stars that make them dance,
I dance to the tune of thy whims and winks;
Let the revolution of the stars be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

I have been bestowed with a heart to serve
as compass to the ship of my being,
Its magnet has remained fixed to thee alone,
no other course has it ever followed.
Let this passport to cross the ocean of time
be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

Your very thought creates a tumult in my gloomy heart,
Like a flash of lightning playing havoc with black clouds;
Let the flow of hail-like tears be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

*"You cannot see me" see glossary.

Yaavunaa yuth zan ta tās husne kamaalun nōn zahoor
Shwongmatyan vuznaavavun zan subhukuy phwolwun su noor
Subhakis ravā sānz ravāanee channi kalā pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith.

Marhabaa khasavun yi yaavun marhabaa husn-o-jamaal
Gav rāhith Almast vuchhtuy tas musavirā suūd kamaal
Musvaree myāany gazlā khāanee chaani kalā pethy aalvith
Tee agar marzee chhi chāane channi kalā pethy aalvith

What a youth! as if the revelation of Beauty Supreme;
Like the Sun rousing the slumbering ones to wakefulness;
Let the beauty of the rising sun be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

All praise to thy flowering youth, bravo to thy
beauty enchanting;
Stunned and petrified was Almast at the excellence
of the Divine Artist;
Let all my art and all my poetry be sacrificed on thee,
If that be thy wish, my love.

August 1955

SAHRAAVUK POSH

Tse káarygará kyenñ ti no laaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaran
Su pheraan paaná mañz kaaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Su pheraan paaná darbaaran
Chavaan chaavaan mañz yaaran
Tsá zolukh bwochhi hañdee naaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Tsá chhukh gaalaan panánuy paan
Banaavaan áashikuy saamaan
Tsé chhay paanas zachay laaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Khyavaan gafá bády bádee paanas
Vuchhaan deenas ná eemaanas
Tse muji pethy mulyvenee taaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Baraan káhytaany tsá pananiy yeḍ
Pyavaan karney tse káatsaah tséḍ
Gindaan rwopayan su ṭika taaren
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaren

Panun chukh sornaavaan gaash
Tá duniyaahas anaan praagaash
Tsá vólnakh zulmá gaṭakaaran
Tsá khyoonakh darmiyaan daaran

Tse phuṭáruṭh kóṭh kambar pananuy
Kóruth khaálee tse sar pananuy
Dwodas kándy chhuy su patá tsaaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaran

Hwonar cháany duniyahash mashhoor
Ti kus zaanaan tsá chhukh majboor
Tsé wólmut naal shahmaaran
Tsá khynakh darmiyaan daaran

DESERT FLOWERS

Little is the gain you get, O Craftsman,
Exploited as you are by the middleman;
In costly cars himself he moves about,
But he continues to exploit you.

He roams about with friends and companions,
Holds sprees and carousals with them;
But consumed you are by the fires of hunger,
And exploited by the middleman.

To a skeleton you reduce yourself,
Making luxurious articles for others;
Rewarded you are with rags alone,
And exploited by the middleman.

Huge sums of money he appropriates,
Caring naught for integrity or faith;
Doled out to you is nothing but chaff,
Exploited by him you are.

With great effort you fill your belly;
Infinite is the patience you display;
Ducks and drakes he plays with money,
Appropriated by exploitation of you.

Slowly and slowly you lose your sight,
And illumine the world with exquisite work,
Caught are you in tyranny's murk;
And exploited by the middleman.

Your limbs are lacerated,
Your pate you emptied;
But, cavilling at your workmanship,
The middleman exploits you.

World famous though your skill may be,
That helpless you are is known to none;
Caught in the coils of python are you,
Exploited by the middleman.

**Khyawaan chhukh khoonidil pananuy
Tagaan pöz chhuy ná kyenh vananuy
Su khaalee katha kanaan dyaaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaranan**

**Chhu zyeveethyan hunduy duniyah
Karaan zyeve gilvithay áashaah
Tse khaamooshi panány maaran
Tsá khyonakh darmiyaan daaran.**

**Your food is your own heart's blood;
Even truth lacks utterance from your lips;
But his mere words fetch him money
Who thrives on exploiting you.**

**Hypocrites and dissemblers alone thrive here,
They wield their tongues and enjoy themselves;
But your patient silence is your bane,
Because the middleman exploits you.**

May 1970

GHAZA No. 2

Bonay dil dāarithay rozakh nazari hañdy kaan kòt gatshāhan
Tsanay yim yoorkun sozak me yim armaan kòt gatshāhan

Bo azlay treshi hòt dewaana chhus paymaana chashman huñd
Tseh hi moykhaana nay aasan me hi mastaana kòt gatshāhan

Mye hee dewaana kyah karhaan me hee dewaana kòt gatshahan
Syezar yòd aasihe āshkas ta yim zolaana kòt gatshāhan

Tsanay ehsaan karhaakh ath nazri hañzi taari mañz vurnuk
Pareshaan aasahan pemāty dilāky durdaana kòt gatshahan

Pakaan akh kaarvaanah bekhavar kati aav gatshih kòt kun
Yiman nay husn karihe gaangle naadaan kòt gatshahan

Vuchhikh husnuch zatsah yetnas dopukh manzil yohoy sonuy
Ye thakā pyeñ toti chhakh nata yim gāmaty hāaraan
kòt gatshahan

Yivaan krechhan vatan pyeñ lutuf chuy Almastasūy vallah
Me hi dewaana nay aasan tā yim vāaraana kòt gatshahan.

GHAZAL No. 2

Where would the shafts of thy glances go
 were I not ready with the target of my heart ?
What fate would await my yearnings
 if thy glances were not directed on me ?

Destined am I to remain a thirsty lunatic
 for the brimful cups of thy eyes;
Where would a tippler like me go
 if taverns like thee were not there ?

What would the lunatics like me do, where would they go;
If love were an uncomplicated affair
 where would these shackles of mine find a place ?

My heart would have broken, its pieces scattered,
If thou were not gracious enough
 to keep it strung in thy glance.

Ignorant of its origin or its destiny, a caravan marches on ;
Were they not beguiled by beauty, where would these fools go ?

Wherever they saw a flash of beauty, they took it
 to be their destination;
Had this resting place not been there, where would
 these bewildered ones go ?

By God, Almast gets the greatest pleasure
 over difficult and thorny paths;
If a lunatic like him existed not,
 the desolate heaths would lie uninhabited.

June, 1963.

GOOHY KHĀR

Kraayi garmani mañz chhambav chhaarav tā vuḍrav bāaliye
Draayi swondermaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye
Haay yath chhwokā laḍ dilas vaaray mē vāthy parkāaliye
Draayi swoondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

Phōt kalas pyeth hyeth palav aarav mānziy laaraan tsalaan
Khambryevāy pēthy naaravūy mānzy rath khworan haaraan
Goohy ratsan pyeth yitshi zuvalmaale sitam kam tsāaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

Darshanas yitshi husnache deevēe pazee kōtsh aasunuy
Hāasilay yithi yaavunuk kyaah gooh tā bōth gotshā aasunuy
Hāasilay yithi yaavunūchy kyaa shoobihe yi dāaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

Mast yimā āchhy bāry bāree zan jantākuy mas pyaalnūy
Shaayiran beyi musaviran kyut bōrmūtuy kalavaalanūy
Kyaah sāa goohy lyeby tshaanḍnas lagāhanā yemay mas pyāaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

Baalanāy pyeth guī phwolaan kam kam baray paanay gatshaan
Khwopryenāy māñz naazneenan kam chhi afsaanay gatshaan
Vaavah haale māñz phwolaan saatha galaan hyath hāaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

Taazādoulāt yuthnā kaanḥ sharmaṇḍā kari zaah chaṇḍā chon
Akh kharaaja lavi yi tshōr chaṇḍā chon tshyonmut jaṇḍā chon
Baawofaa chhuy vāṇḍā ryetakaale tse naalo nāaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye

Kāṇḍy ratan kyaah paak daaman chon chhaa taakat timan
Sōt gatshyekh lōt pāathy yōdvay meethy dini yiyi kaaṇḥ khworan
Poshnūy vuchhnūchy tse phursat meejmaa zaah kāaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

A MAIDEN GATHERING COWDUNG

Through hills and dales, mounds and downs a lovely maiden goes
In scorching heat, in search of dung;
Ah! my lacerated heart was blown to pieces
To see the fair maid engaged in search of things like this.

Basket on head, she hurries over boulders,
 through mountain rivulets,
Her feet bleeding, running over crags, stones jagged
 and through ravines,
Oh that a winsome creature like her should suffer
Agonies and discomforts for a trifle like this.

To have a glimpse of such a goddess of beauty an offering should have been made ;
Should just dung and muck have been the profit of such a youth?
Should just this have been the gift of youth like that?
And yet she, a lovely maid, goes out in search of things like these.

Her ecstatic eyes are like cups brimful with wine celestial,
Filled by Great Saqi himself for poets and painters.
Should such eyes be engaged in looking for dung only?
And yet, the lovely maiden goes out searching for things like these.

Many a flower bloom on mountains and wither away unseen ;
 Many a lovely damsel suffer in dirty hovels!
 In desolation they bloom a while, then fade with
unheeded yearnings
 Such is the fate of the lovely dung gathering maid.

**Beware a rich upstart attempting to corrupt you;
Your empty pockets and tattered clothes are treasures limitless;
Faithfull to you are these tattered clothes of yours
 through shine and shower
O, you lovely one, out to gather dung.**

**Thorns dare not hold your chaste skirt;
Crushed shall they be if they attempt to kiss your feet;
Never had you the leisure to feast your eyes on flowers;
O, you attractive one, searching for dung.**

Aalatshyen broñhkun gatshaa vaatani rangaarang nematsáy
Kyaah jafaakash gätshy guzaarüny doh panány káry káry sátsáy
Zuv tsatán vaalyan gatshüny gätshā zindagee vobāaliye
Draayi swondarmaäl ballaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

Totachashman shāatiran gätshā shanoshaukat aasuniy
Kyaah syedis Almustusüy gätshā sāa yi haalat aasuniy
Kus sanaa paymaanā thöv dunyaa banaavan vāaliye
Draayi swondarmaal baalaa goohy ratsan dini zāaliye.

Should the indolent do-nothings have the best of the world,
And the industrious pass their days on mere pittance of hopes?
Should life be insufferable only to the diligent?
Indifferent to all this, the pretty dung gatherer goes
on searching for dung.

Should cunning manipulators live in luxury
And guileless Almas be reduced to state like this?
What, after all, are the standards laid by the Great creator?
Oh, lovely maiden, gathering dung.

March 1953

GHAZAL No. 3

Lolakuy aagaaz tay anjaam beyi az yaad aam
Zindagāaniye huñd suboh tay shaam beyi az yaad aam.

Suy kharaame naaz raahe aam beyi az yaad aam
Yeth dilas yeli zan gayoov leelaam beyi az yaad aam

Lāanki pyeṭh guzrov muty suy shaam beyi az yaad aam
Mast chyeshmav sūty chomut jaam beyi az yaad aam

Yaad āasūm pematsūy me yaarā sūnzūy bazmī naaz
Āthy andar pananuy dile naakaam beyi az yaad aam

Kyasanaa beyi maa karyem rusvaa me az betaab dil
Yaad aam beyi suy khayaale khaam beyi az yaad aam

Duñyahuky zolaanā chhim zangnāy tā tasavursy andar
Shokh nazran hund tasund pāagaam beyi az yaad aam.

Chham ganeemūts me dilach dubraay az zyaaday hanaa
Aah suy maahe tamaam bar baam beyi az yaad aam.

Az chhi Almastany yi tanhaa kooṭharūy rashke janat
Jalvā kamysuñd taam zan ilhaam beyi az yaad aam.

GHAZAL No. 3

**The beginning and end of love has come back to my mind today;
Thus came to be recollected the morning and evening of my life:**

**Her strutting on a thoroughfare, I again remember today;
I remember, that was when this heart of mine was
 auctioned away.**

The evening spent on the little island in Dal lake,
I again remember today;
The cups drunk by me from her bewitching eyes,
I again remember today.

The bliss of my beloved's company was still in my mind;
When the discomfiture of my own heart,
I again remembered today.

Am I again going to be betrayed by my restless heart?
My absurd thoughts, yes, my absurd thoughts,
I, again, remember today.

My limbs and my thoughts are fettered by the iron chains of this world;
And the message of her wanton eyes, I again, remember today.

My heart is beating faster and louder today,
Standing on her roof top, I, again, remember that
full moon, today.

Lovelier than heaven is the lonely cell of Almast today;
Inspired as he is by the recollection of her glimpses.

January, 1969.

ZOONÁ DABI TAL

Lolá labi tal tas nigaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalá yaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Yeth yithis mātysāy bahaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalāyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Aas adnyendre vāthith dildarā suñd zwon pyom me
 Draas bo pōt zooni lōt lōt yaarā suñd zwon pyom me
 Jabr karahaa kyāh amaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalāyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo.

Vaavā gurnāy kyeth panāny khwoshboo amis sozaan chhi posh
 Vaadā mōthmut chhus tavay khwoshboyi thovmut chhus nā hosh
 Gōb nyendar laāzim bahaaras prrará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalāyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Zooni honduy gaash daarev kiny vuchhith gulroyasāy
 Meethy dini tsaamut chhu yithi vakhtay yithis tuñd khooyasāy
 Chhus bo yetnas intizaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalāyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Chaavā bortuy vaav khelaan assi sumbulu moyesāy
 Gyundmutuy āmy aasi lachhi tay saasi rambuly moyesāy
 Dazavunay mañz rashkā naaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalāyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Poshanay mañz shwongymātiy pāanpar tā panā vāthran andar
 Naazneene boznāavith saaz shwongmāty jaanvar
 Vaav shwong pyeth sabzázaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalāyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo

Kyaah karas aalav khabar chhaa aasi kath khwaabas andar
 Aasā maa moojood bōti kuni shaayi tath khwaabas andar
 Yuth na gatshi khalalāy nazaaras praará kotaah kaal bo
 Zooná dabi tal baalāyaaras praará kotaah kaal bo.

UNDER THE MOON-LIT BALCONY

How long shall I await my love beside this dear wall?
How long shall I wait for my young love under this
moon-lit balcony?

During this full-bloomed spring,
How long shall I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

My deep slumber was broken as my beloved crossed my
thoughts,

And, stealthily, I left my abode, as the moon was setting.
How could I suppress my impulse, wait how long could I?
Now how long shall I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

Flowers send fragrance to her through their breezy steeds;
Forgotten has she her word, her senses benumbed by scent;
Deep slumber, indeed, is a must in the spring season;
But how long shall I wait for her under this moon-lit balcony?

Moon-beams peeping through the window at my flower
faced love,
Stole in, at such a crucial time, to kiss such a capricious one:
And I am left here, waiting for her, but how long?

The zealous wind must be playing with her hyacinth tresses;
Played it must have a thousand times with such bewitching
tresses,

And consumed by the fires of jealousy,
How long can I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

Butterflies lie asleep embedded in flowers;
Singing their lullaby to her, the birds lie asleep in leaves;
The wind lie asleep on the verdant grass;
And how long can I wait for her under this moon-lit balcony?

How can I call her? who knows she may be lost in dreams,
And may be I have a place somewhere in those dreams.
Lest this dreamy spell be broken, let me leave her undisturbed;
But how long shall I wait under this moon-lit balcony?

March 1956

Aāsytan aabaad khwaaban hānz yi mahfil āasytan
Aāsytan beyi zindagiyi hāndy moḍ mushkil āasytan.

Naavi myaane aavalanisāy mañz chhu vwony naachuk saroor
Aāsytan vwony door yaa nazdeek sāahil āasytan

Intihaaye shok akh kāafee chhu saamaane safar
Husnasāy taany āshkasāy sath sadar hāayil āasytan.

Shokaşāy myāanis chhu dam hyon mañzilas pyeṭh wāatithāy
Vaktasy vānytav tāmis ami khotā ti tāajil āasytan

Kaarvaanav gamākyavay kār myāany tanhāayi khatam
Aāsytan beyi krooṭh ami khwotā zyooṭh manzil āasytan.

Dubrahaaray myaani dilāchiy chham mye shoknk zerubam
Manzilas taany poshnuk ath fakhar hāasil āasytan

Kaarvane shok sapduy kahkashaanas kun ravaan
Kyah karee asi āasytan dunyah taṅgdil āasytan

Kyaah chha kath veglaav niy kāny chhus bo azalay butparast
Gam mā bar Almastā ami khwotā yaar saṅgdil āasytan

GHAZAL No. 4

Life's vicissitudes may be forbidding, I care not;
Only let my dream-land flourish and prosper.

Caught in the whirlpool, my boat experiences the exaltations of
a dance;
Let the shores be near or far, now I care not.

Sufficient for the aspirant is only his intensity of urge,
Seven seas may stand between beauty and love, it matters not.

Let the time be in a still greater haste, tell it,
My zeal shall pause only when I reach my goal.

The caravan of my sorrows, have put an end to my solitude,
The goal may be far and the path beset with difficulties, I mind
not.

My heart-beats are the rhythm and harmony of the music
of my urge,
Let these have the glory to last till the goal is reached by me.

The caravan of my zealous urge has started towards the
galaxies,
Let the world be narrow-minded, I care not.

Timeless worshipper of idols am I, smelting of stones is no
problem for me;
Worry not Almast, let the beloved be stone-hearted.

October 1962.

MAAZ KUNŪN

Kharidaaro tse hāazir myon chhuy maaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz
Su dil kati chhum prutshaan shbukh me yemyuk raaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

Su chhum kamraaza pheraan baalany pyeth
Nayan manzbaag sangarmaalanay pyeth
Karaan kochav ta khwophrev pyethy su parvaaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

Thipis manz chhas dazaan dooryeraki naaray
Me chhanā vuchhmuts yi raawalpyend ti vaaray
Me chhunā taaqat nyebār kaḍnuch ti aavaaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

Byuhun yath zindā laashe rang mathith chhum
Tulun ahmak dilan manz chhum talaatum
Byuhun taakas me kārythuy swormātay saaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

Yivaan bekāl karne ulphatuk sodaa
Meh nish kati pāada gav mohbatuk sodaa
Parun chhum nyebār tsami me mohhabatuk vaaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

Thavun chhum paan bronhkani jaanāvarnāy
Vanay zan vathymatyan daandan ta kharnāy
Bo yeti insaanā suṇd buth chhas vuchhan shaaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

Meh chhanā kuni shaahphyur karnas ti vāaree
Chwokaan chhanā vāary zaanh behnas ti krāaree
Pyewaan apziy karuny chhim nākhrā tay naaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

Mudavlad kharā sunduy kati aar khalkan
Mudav ladsuy tulun tas baar khalkan
Patay kharvol chhus mooryan tulaan maaz
Zamaana gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

FLESH ON SALE

O my bidder, my flesh is ready for you,
The harp of my heart broke long long ago.
Where is that heart the secrets of which you want to know?
The harp of my heart broke long long ago.

My heart roams over ridges in Kamraz,
Wandering it is amidst meadows and on mountain tops,
It flies over lanes and hutments,
For its harp was broken long ago.

Lodged in this cage I am consumed by the fire of separation,
Even this city of Rawalpindi I have not seen well,
Courage I lack to voice my sorrows,
The harp of my heart broke long long ago.

Decorated with paint and rouge, eyes embellished with collyrium
I have to seat this living corpse on a window sill,
And thus arouse passion among foolish hearts.

To bargain for love come the foolish ones;
But where is that love which I could give them?
My discourses on the art of love are only skin deep,
For my music internal is dead long long ago.

To bestial beings my body I have to offer;
To wild bulls and asses I have to submit;
Rarely do I come across the face of a man here.

No time have I to heave a sigh,
No time to heal my wounds;
Mere artifices are my blandishments;
The music of my heart is dead.

No mercy have people for a saddle-galled ass,
In spite of galls it has to bear the load;
And then there are the pitiless lashes of the master;
Oh; The strings of my heart are snapped.

Vuchhith káashur vazyov az saaz yetskáaly
Vuchhith káashur nanyov az raaz yetskáaly
Vuchhith káashur me khot shaanav pyethée maaz
Zamaaná gav me phutmut chhum diluk saaz

II

Chhas aamuts raatámwoglan manz hyenay bo
Gamuts chhas poshavatnas nish tshenay bo
Gámuty yim dáady andrim kas vanay bo
Gámuts chhas poshá vatnas nish tshenay bo

Bo té aki poshá chamnuch toor áasas
Bote aki khaanávaduch khor áasas
Gayas latshi kársá toofaanán tshenay bo
Gamuts chhas poshá vatnas nish tshenay bo

Me chhum shar zaah bo vanahaa bouy káanse
Bo vuchhahaa báaysund hyu rouy káanse
Tseh káashur bouy van kami zyevi vanay bo
Gamuts chhas poshá vatnas nish tshenay bo

Me beni vanánuy yi dunyaa lyekh chhu maanaan
Vuchhith kotaah me yim naapaak zaanaan
Yiwaan chhas sheen zan vyeglaavanay bo
Gamuts chhas poshá vatnas nish tshenay bo

Me osum phárvuny khasávnun yi yaavun
Me osum phárvuny asávnun yi yaavun
Chhas aamuts yaavnáni taavaná hyenay bo
Gamuts chhas poshá vatnas nish tshanay bo

Gatshaa yemi káada manzá aazaad bo zah
Gatshaa kya práany páathee shaad bo zah
Dapaan chhus kar vatan beyi deshanay bo
Gamuts chhas poshá vatnas nish tshanay bo

At the sight of a Kashmiri, the harp, of my heart
began to play after a long time;
At the sight of a Kashmiri was disclosed the
secret of my heart after a long time;
Boundless was my joy when I saw a compatriot here.

II

Cut off from my flower-bedecked country,
I am trapped in the company of night-watchers;
To whom shall I relate the tale of my woes?
Far off from my beautiful home am I.

I too was a budding beauty of my garden;
I too was the daughter of a respectable home;
Sundered by storms, smitten by dust,
Separated was I from my beautiful home.

I yearn to call someone my brother,
But a face fraternal here is none ;
Since you have come as a customer to me,
How shall I call even you, a Kashmiri, my brother.

Sacrilege it is for the world to call me a sister,
They look at me as an impious creature,
And out of shame I melt like snow.

This flowering, smiling youth of mine
Had a baneful influence on my life;
My beauty brought my destruction,
Cut off from my land am I.

Shall I ever be freed from this prison?
Shall I again be happy as of yore?
I crave to see my home again,
Oh: cut off from my beautiful home am I.

September 1954

GHAZAL No. 5

Tani chhum hani hani lol telāanee
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye
Sani kus āndree kyaah me gudrāanee
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye

Arshav hyōr chhay chaāny raazdāanee
Dilake mulkūch rāaniye
Kyaah meti karhāak zah meharbāanee
Mani kaaman chaam chāaniye

Loli mañz dil tath mañz yaad chāanee
Khwoni khwoni chhus bo lalāvāaniye
Aānā zāanpaanas rwoni vazavāanee
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye

Dilnāy miltsaar gav paanāvāanee
Door thāvy azlay laāniye
Tsoor baase yi aalmas maay sāani
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye

Pādy chāany vati vati parzānaavāanee
Chhus bo kotah tambalāaniye
Tambalāavith chhaa ambānaavāanee
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye

Deshahāath saathaa chhus bo kreshāanee
Ravā zan pravāh traavāaniye
Dyevāh yiyihe meti nāv zindāgānee
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye

Ya khwodaa kārythāy tsaas aāngāanee
Chhus nā beya kuni maazāaniye
Aki laṭi vance bas bo chhasay chāanee
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye

Azlay baagi aamūts gazal khāanee
Almastas kal chāaniye
Tsāti chhakhay zaah meti yaad paavāanee
Mani kaaman chham chāaniye

GHAZAL No. 5

Every pore of my body exudes love for thee,
My innermost being craves for thee and thee alone;
Who will delve deep into me to know what happens there?
My innermost being craves for thee and thee alone.

Thou art the queen of hearts,
thy throne is above the heavens.
Could thee ever show kindness to me too?

The heart within me is occupied by thoughts of thee alone,
Which I fondle and cherish within my breast,
As if bells are playing in the crystalline palanquin.

Our hearts brought us together;
But our fate kept us apart.
And the world looked upon our love askance.

Recognising thy footprints on every path
How impatient do I become?
Should one be tantalized thus?

I yearn to look at thy sun-like radiance;
May be I am blessed with a fresh life;
My inner heart craves for thee and thee alone.

Like a mendicant I enter thy compound;
I ask nothing from thee except to know
That thou art mine and mine alone.
And that is all I crave for.

Poetic inspiration which fate offered to Almast
Is nothing but a longing for thee alone.
Do thee also ever remember me?
My innermost being craves for thee and thee alone.

December 1951

HADA RATH AYAAL YAARO

Hadā rath ayaal yaaro hadā rath ayaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro
Shury zyaadā pādā karniy chhuy bōḍ zavaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Yuth no tsa raavaraavakh dilkuy sōkoon pananuy
Yuth zan na khwoshk karnaavakh diluk khoon pananuy
Yuth zan na zindā rozun sapdee vwobaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Yōd zan tse panani mardee huñd bōḍ kamaal hovuth
Shury zyaadā pādā kārythāy kasbe kammaal hovuth
Shury zyaadā pādā karniy azkal chhi gaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Kuni saatā muflisiyi mañz anānaavanay matsar shury
Tulnay sāmith tuphar shury khyevānaavanay zahar shury
Naaras ma dozakhanisūy manz paan zaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Broñh nerunuy yetshaan chhukh tyeli saaph thav panin vath
Yuth no tsā zindagiyihāñzi yeth dori mañz gatshakh path
Yuth no zalār sūñdy paāthy vaahrakh tsā zaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Insaan zyevean damaadam butaraat jhay gatshaan kam
Yōd saani gaphlatsāy huñd rozaan gav yi aalam
Aazāady sāany vānytav dari koot kaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā guunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Kōt vwotli zaah su kuni kiny diyi peen peen ywosā mājy
Naadāaniyev kineth ywosā zan lāāny taavānas lājy
Tas vaktā broñth soraan husnojamaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

FRIENDS: PLAN YOUR FAMILY

Friends, limit your family, limit it,
Lest you are caught in the coils of serpents;
Producing too many children spells your doom;
Limit your family lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Beware lest you lose the peace of your mind,
Lest you allow your heart's blood to dry up,
Lest your life becomes a burden intolerable,
Lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

If by producing too many children
You displayed a feat of manliness and the apex of skill,
Remember it is a matter of shame these days.
Beware lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Sometime, in indigence, your children shall cause your madness
Collectively they shall pester you, make you take poison.
Burn not yourself in infernal fires like these,
Lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Advancement if you wish, keep unencumbered your path,
Lest in the race of life you are left behind.
Beware lest, spiderlike, you extend the web,
Beware lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Every second a child is born, but the earth is limited.
If this state of our carelessness continues,
Tell me how long shall our freedom last.
Beware lest we are caught in the coils of serpents.

What hope is there for that mother who bears child after child,
And by foolishness invites ill luck for herself?
Premature is the loss of her beauty and grace.
Beware, lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

Akh shur syethaah chhu azkal suy gatshi karun mukamal
Yemi beeri beeri hunduy bas tee chhu poshavun hal
Rathi khaari naav chonuy kari suy kamaal yaaro
Yuth no sworaph tā gunsay valnay tse naal yaaro

Quite sufficient is a single child now, who
should be reared perfectly,
This alone is remedy effective for overcrowding,
Being paragon of perfection your child shall add
lustre to your name.
Beware, lest you are caught in the coils of serpents.

August 1976

Saasav zyeav vanaan chhay akh myaany bezabaanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee
 Saasav kanav bo bozaan chhus chaany lantaraanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee

Bazaari ashkasay manz yod katri zaary chhus bo
 Darbaari husnusaay manz keñh maa nedyary chhus bo
 Chaanyan vatan achhav suty kar naa me durfishaanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee

Vwony laagtam me daavas yaa kadta myaany haavus
 Nazran chhu chaaninuy taany myaani punim ta maavas
 Duniyayi aashkiyi manz husnuch chhi hukmuraanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee

Yim tsangy cheshamanuy hundy hyeth chhus tswopaary
 thsaaraan

Vati vati diwaan chhus vany vati vati chhusay bo praaraan
 Praaray bo taa kayaamat poz praari maa jawaanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee

Be aash nazravuy suty karmai salaam doore
 Pilnov tham tse chashman hund mast jaam doore
 Kumlaavithuy tse vuth yeli kartham me gulfishaanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee

Gam chon chhum dilas manz vaayaan zeertaay bam
 Gam chon chhum me dilakis poshas pyevan shabnam
 Gam kyaazi krooth baasyam chham lolachee nishaanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee

Butaraats pyeth yi myul az kahytaany gomut chhu yaaran
 Kyaah paas az chhu pyomut asmaanakyan sitaaran
 Tahraav akh ratshaakar ay dori assmaanee
 Ak chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee

Gwoda baazaruch tsa haalat vuchh kartá patá shakaayat
 Almasta shukur karahakh yiti zaanahakh ganeemat
 Dil dith aggar me path kun laareye gazal khaanee
 Akh chaany mehrabaanee akh chaany mehrabaanee.

GHAZAL No. 6

My silence speaks with the eloquence of a thousand tongues
That I crave for thy kindness, thy kindness alone,
With a thousand ears I listen to thy lantrancee
But I crave for thy kindness and thy grace only.

Though a reckless gambler in the field of love I be
Yet not a penurious man am I in Beauty' court;
Did I not stud thy path with the pearls of my eyes?
I crave for thy grace, for thy kindness alone.

Thou may reject me or fulfil my desires;
Thy glances alone brighten or darken my nights.
Supreme is the authority of Beauty in the world of love.
I crave for thy grace and kindness alone.

Guided by the lamps of my eyes, I seek you on all side,
On every path I search for you, on every turn I wait for you;
Determined am I to wait till the judgement day,
but youth shall not wait.
I crave for your grance and kindness alone

I greeted thee from afar with eyes deprived of hope;
From afar thou handed me the cups of thy ecstatic eyes;
Then breaking into a smile, thou showered flowers on me;
That was thy grace and that was thy kindness.

Longing for thee produces sweet music in my heart,
My anxious love is the dew for the flower of my heart,
Why then should this anxiety, a symbol of love,
be insufferable for me?
I crave for thy grace and thy kindness.

What a chance on this earth that lovers are in union today!
What a favour the stars of heaven have bestowed!
Stop for a while, O the revolving heavens.

Almast, look around and see the plight of the world,
And then pour out your grievances if need be;
If you gave away your heart and got
The gift of poetry in the bargain, be grateful.

April 1967

PANDITH JAWÁAHIR LAAL NAHROO

Lajee zan gāngraaryee maṭhymuṭyan saannyan tarraanan az
Tsajee yetskāaly khaamaskee pyemuṭṣ saanyan dahaanan az
Vuchhee az shaan sāanee prāanyhish beya aasmaanan az
Varuk phyur kamysanaa saanyan yi praanyan daastaanan az
Bajar preymuk ta pazruk hov beya hindostaanan az
Hajar rusvaa gatshith mandachhaan vuchh navi sara jahaanan az
Yimotun rang kāmy phyur jang kranknuy bahaanan az
Phrakhaa hyu trov jaṅgānish taṅg aamunty yem Jahaanan az
Lajee swosraay hish zan taaza dowlatanay zabaanan az
Vuchhith hāaraan gāy azuhbāḍy onguji hy ǝ h mañz dahaanan az

Satisarāche lyembemañzā phōlmutuy rambavun ye yuth Pamposh
Munavar yem koruy duniyaah tā onunay raavimutinuy hosh

Thazar insaanasund vuchhtuy manduchh kyanh kahkashaanan az
Syezar insaanasund vuchhtuy manduch kyanh aasmaanan az
Yi amnuk raaz vōn insaananuy kāmy raazdaanan az
Naryan zan tshola hish peyu chila khaṭymuty vathy kamaanan az
Yi vati pyeṭh gaash kamy trov raavi mutnuy kaarvaanan az
Yi kamy phyur chonṭh beyi pathkun matemutynuy tufaanan az
Pazruke noora suty tsujy badgumaanee bad gumaanan az
Yi hyes kamy dyut zi chhuy insaan insaan pachhaanan az

Yi baalav manzā Kasheere draamutuy yuth akh Jawāahir Laal
Yemyuk gaah aalmas pyeṭh az thadyov beyihan heemaaluk baal

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

(Recited on his birth day)

Today are resounding with zeal our long-forgotten songs;
Today is removed the silence which had fallen on our
lips since long.

Today the heavens witness our ancient glory once again;
Today who has turned the leaves of our ancient history again?
Today India has re-established the greatness of love and truth;
Today the world witnesses crookedness laid bare and
discomfitted.

Who has given the message of death to warmongers today?
A sigh of relief is heaved by the war-weary world.
Rich upstarts whisper their discomfiture today;
Surprised are they, with fingers between their teeth.

From the slush of Satisar has sprouted this peerless lotus,
Illuminating the world and the path of the lost ones.

Even the galaxies feel shy of man's stature,
Even heavens feel low before the innocence of man.
Who is this great seer who has revealed the secrets of

Arms ready to fire their shafts are paralysed and numb. peace to man?
Turning back the fury of the menacing storms;
Who has lighted the path of the lost caravans today?
Light of truth has dispersed the clouds of mistrust and

Who has inspired Man to respect Man? suspicion.

This one gem out of mountains of Kashmir
Has illuminated the world and raised the stature of Himalayas.

14th November 1956

PANDIT NEHRUSINDIS MARNAS PYETH

Insaan vadaan az zaar zaar âmysuñd su gamkhaar kor gav
Sáaree chhi gãamâty bekaraar amunk su awtaar kor gav

Aah son meere karvaan az chhuna su vwony asi darmiyaan
Tas rôs chhu baasaan tshôr jahaan lalawun chhu asi naar kor gav

Kirdaar kas bedaag yuth kas lol youth kas tyaag yuth
Beloos yuth belaag yuth tasveeri eesaar kor gav

Azaad yemy mahkoom kâry dilshaad yemy mazloom kâry
Yemy muntashir manznom kâry komuk su memaar kor gav

Magrooronuy phuṭran göroor gaṭâ saamraajich kârân door
Yemy zan tswapâary trov noor gaashok su meenaar kor gav

Motas ti zan az phuṭ kamar amysund zakar gav be asar
Mahboob sonuy gav amar motas kârith laar kor gav

Sworgas aṇdar roozith ti tas basaan chhum kyeñh lagi na ras
Tas bharatas kun aasi hyes vatnuk parastaar kor gav

ON THE DEATH OF PANDIT NEHRU

Man is weeping in torrents today at the loss of his benefactor;
All are disconcerted that the prophet of peace is no more.

Ah! the leader of our caravan is not amongst us any more;
Without him the world looks drab and dreary,
leaving us to nurse our woes.

Peerless was the purity of his character, abundant
his love, matchless his renunciation;
Unattached to materialism, untainted in dealings,
the embodiment of sacrifice, is no more.

Where is gone the one who liberated the enslaved and
gladdened the oppressed,
Who organised the ranks of the scattered, and was the
architect of our nation?

Where has gone that beacon of light who illumined
the four corners of the world,
Dispelling the darkness of imperialism, treading
underfoot the insolence of the proud?

Death's back is broken today, its poison made inefficacious,
Defying death, our beloved has become immortal.

Even in heaven, I feel, he will not rest content;
His thoughts shall always be turned towards Bharat;
Where is gone this worshipper of the motherland?

May 1964.

PANDITH NEHROOJI YUN KHAAB MYANI
KHAYAALA KINY

Nov rosh gôtsh mwoykhaananuy
Nov bosh gôtsh paimaananuy
Nov josh gôtsh mastaananuy
Nov hosh gôtsh pharzaananuy

Nävy gätshy khwodaa butkhaananuy
Nävy gätshy adaa jaanaanuy
Nävy gätshy vwofaa paimaananuy
Nävy gätshy shama parvaananuy

Yeti zan nä mahkoom aasahan
Yeti zan nä mazloom aasahan
Yeti zan nä mahroom aasahan
Tyuth dor gôtsh asmaananuy

Yeti phark aasi ni zanmä kiny
Assiyi agar kyeñh karmä kiny
Yeti zan nu deenä tä dharmä kiny
Gazraavanay insaanany

Aahuk sabab yeti tshaanḍahan
Jaahuk sabab yeti tshaanḍahan
Gwonahuk sabab yeti tshaanḍahan
Lagihe kuluf zindaananuy

Yeti akh akis pahchaanahan
Kun ibni aadam zaanahan
Yee jaan paanas maanahan
Ṭee kañchahāan begaananuy

Aaraam yeti aasi haraam
Yeti kām aasi subah shaam
Eemaandāari aasi aam
Aasi na vath be eemaanany

Yeti aasi amnuk dorudor
Aasi ahinsa yeti tsowpor
Pöz haavi hyeng yeli kaanh beshor
Ṭhari paan din toophaanuy

PT. NEHRU'S DREAM OF OUR COUNTRY

(As I conceive it)

New values should prevail in taverns,
New intoxication in wine cups;
New enthusiasm should spur the tipsy ones,
New awakening guide the sober.

New gods should occupy the temples,
New blandishments dart from the beloveds;
New should be the redemption of pledges
New candles be provided to the moths.

Where there is no servility,
Where there is none oppressed,
Where none is deprived of his dues;
Such a state the heavens may bring about.

Where there are no differences of blood,
If there be any, these be based on deeds;
Where humans are not listed,
According to faiths and creeds.

Where reasons of human sorrows be found out,
Where sources of excessive wealth be uncovered,
Where causes of sins be found out,
Where all prisons shall thus be locked;

Where mutual understanding would prevail,
Where people would realise that all are the offspring of Adam,
Where people would wish for others,
What they find good for themselves;

Where indolence shall be considered sinful,
Where sustained work shall be the motto of the people,
Where honesty should prevail in all walks of life,
Where the dishonest receive no encouragement;

Where peace is the order of the day,
Where non-violence prevails on all sides,
And if some thoughtless fool throws a challenge
People will resist him with full determination;

Baasi na yeti kaañh kaañsi gaar
Akh akysuñduy aasi na vaar
Yeti zan pakan thod thavith kaar
Insaan mañzy insaananuy

Yeti kaañsi kaañh rañihe na daly
Yeti kaañsi kaañh heyihe na maly
Yeti bolawuny gatshahaan na kaly
Lagiheh na thop armaananuy

Yeti zan na apzis assi jaay
Yeti zan na kaañh kari kaañsi raay
Yeti zan na kaañh mañgi kaañsi chaay
Tyuth rath ta maaz gotsh paananuy

Yeti diluky saaz aasan na zary
Yeti kalaky jaam aasan na tshary
Yeti zan achhan aasan na thary
Aasan na kiji daamaananuy

Yeti dil kunith yed bari na kaañh
Yeti paany paanas phari na kaañh
Yeti marna bronthuy mari na kaañh
Tyuth gotsh daryer eemaanany

Where none is taken as an alien,
Where people are not jealous of one another,
All hold their heads high,
And walk about as men among men;

Where one need not hold the apron-strings of the other,
Where one would not be the bonded slave of the other,
Where speech shall not be muzzled,
And human yearnings remain unexpressed;

Where untruth shall not find acceptance,
Where favouritism shall not exist,
Where graft shall be stamped out,
Such love for one another should prevail;

Where the chords of heart are not silent,
Where heads are not bereft of ideas,
Where blinkers are not put on eyes,
And freedom of movement not denied;

Where none would satisfy his hunger by selling his heart,
Where none would degrade himself,
Where none would die before his death,
Such a strong faith should prevail in our land.

May 1966.

CHAANI AMAARAY

Yaaro be pheerās yaarabalan chaani amaaray
Laarem pādy mye aarāpalan chaani amaaray
Chhum no mye kuni kiny dod balan chaani amaaray
Laarem pādy mye aarāpaan chaani amaaray

Kavā gaash trāavith zooṇa neraan kām̐sūn̐ze vere
Khwoṣhbov chaman trāavith chhu pheraan kam̐sūn̐ze vere
Kam laalā phāly yeti soor malan chaani amaaray
Larem pādy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray

Shaaman tā subhan vaav laaran chaani lolare
Baalan kohan pyeṭh paan maaraan chaani lolare
Suy zaani yes zan paad phalan chaani amaaray
Larem pādy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray

Yuth lol kyaah paantsadaran joyan ta beyi aaran
Doraan davaan margan ta bahaakan pyeṭh tā maṇz naaran
Laaraan chhi kalā chhaavaan palan chaani amaaray
Larem pādy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray.

Kyaah daag gulaalan rōṭ dilas yuth boy tas aaye
Phuṭm̐ts yembār̐zali kār praaran kām̐sūn̐ze raaye.
Āshy tāary chhi pamposhan tā khyelan chaani amaaray
Larem pādy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray.

Roozith rāhith kavā gāamatiy batshā vahaarithuy yeti posh
Hath hath zabāany thāvy thāvy chhi gamuty
kāly tā beyi khaamosh
Vōthmut chou huy didryen tā jalan chaani amaaray
Larem pādy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray

Almast hāarith byooṭhmut vwony kalā pathar trāavith
Loosith chhu praaran chaani vati pyeṭh chyeshmā vathrāavith
Tshwopā dwopā kārith zan sheen galan chaani amaaray
Larem pādy mye aarapalan chaani amaaray.

IN SEARCH OF YOU

Friend! In my extreme love for you I have been wandering through all the lovely places. My feet were rubbed away by the boulders on the river banks, but my sickness has not been cured anywhere.

To meet whom do the moon beams leave the moon behind and fragrance wander leaving the flower gardens behind? Many a people living princely lives turn ascetics and rub ashes on their bodies in search of you.

The winds run from place to place, morning and evening, in search of you and beat themselves against mountains and hills. He whose feet, like mine, are frayed, alone can understand this.

How deep is the love that the waterfalls, brooks and streams have for you! They rush and run through meadows and ravines, beating their heads against boulders.

Your love created the black spot in the heart of the poppy, and, waiting for you, the neck of the narcissus has drooped; for your sake the eyes of the lotuses are brimming with tears.

The flowers, with their arms outspread, have become stunned and petrified. Possessing hundreds of tongues they are still, silent and dumb. The love they have for you has caused havoc in the hearts of skylarks and nightingales.

Disappointed, defeated, Almast sat with his head cast down. Enervated, his eyes spread on your path, he is waiting, melting like snow, silently, invisibly, in love for you.

December, 1951.

GHAZAL No. 7

Yoot kyehe chhakh zan vuḍaan vaav vyesiye
Rrozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye
Babre lanji karaye vaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye.

Mwokhtā ḍyakasūy bō yimā gumā shyehlaavay
Vatshi vāalinji dāady pannaniy baavay
Rozee boni tal taany lar traav vyesiye
Rozee saatthaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye

Chhuy nā lāazim kyenḥ bozūny myāany gam
Haal matā prutshtam tā buthisūy vuchhtam
Ḍyekā mutsrith nazraah traav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye

Chaani asnay khasnay vati vati gul
Myeti phwolihe yi dilakuy hōkhmut kul
Kyehe aṣi kun ti vuth kumlaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye

Booz dīlnūy chāany myaani dīlkuy sadaah
Natā yi tsoorā nazrav sūty vuchhunuy kyaah
Syōd vuchhe vwony ṭhāry may thaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesyē

Chāani ṭhāri maa myāany armaan katsi beethy
Lolā nazrav dity gwolāaby paadan meethy
Bas amiy sūty tśol mye aama taav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye

Chhus bo tolaan nazrav sūty yim naaz
Chhus vuraan bāatan manz patā tim raaz
Bozee saathaa khwor mooranaav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye

Kryehni acchnuy huṇd zulmaat mye hovthan
Tāti tse Almast aabihayaat chovthan
Suy hayaat bāat bāny bāny draav vyesiye
Rozee saathaah gumā shyehlaav vyesiye

GHAZAL

Why, friend, do ye run away fast as the wind?
Just stay a while and let thy perspiration
cool down. Now let me fan thee with fragrant leaves.

I will help these pearls of perspiration cool
from thy forehead and then open my heart
to thee. Just stretch thyself under this chenar.

Thou need not listen to my sorrows, for
they are quite visible from my face. Only
cast a smiling glance at me.

Thy smile shall make flowers grow everywhere;
may be the withered plant of my heart shall also
bloom. Do please direct a smile on us too.

Perhaps my heart has already spoken to
Thine; else why would ye steal glances at me?
If so, please look straight at me
without screening thyself

For while thou screened thyself, my loving
looks where not quiet, but were kissing thy
rosy feet, and that alone cooled down
the burning within me.

I can weigh blandishments at a glance
and then string the secrets into verse—
only listen a while and just rest thy feet for the moment.

Thou showed to Almast the stygian region
of the black eyes and made him drink
the elixir of life in that land; and it is
that elixir which expresses itself in his verses.

March 1953.

BALLĀ YEPAARI

Ziyi kulysüy niyi kus me graavo
Yiyihe tsüy vantas vaavo
Diya darshun soñth ho aavo yiyi he tsüy vantas vaavo

Sheenā baalan tsājy öbruch tshaay
Lefi talā zan kalā kādy kādy draay
Khāts rabi talā zan poshi bubraay
Zan zameeni armaan neery neery aay
Myeti dilkuy toor phōlraavo yiyihe tsüy vantas vaavo

Vōth sangrav pyethy sheen gāly gāly
Jwoyi tay beyi aarā vāthy tsāly tsāly
Sāndiji ḍal aay stwopāary phōly phōly
Mushkā hōt vaav aav gaw ḍāly ḍāly
Posha mati vaavā mo me mātsraavo
Yiyihe tsüy vantas vaavo

Yemburzali suli yith loos kāar
Tekābatnyev ti maa thāv kaañh tāar
Giliṭooryan tā sumbulan ti pyeyi chhāar
Meti gulaalan hūnz phōj vachhas vāar
Soñth kyuth tsaau? Yes youth draavo
Yiyi he tsüy vantas vaavo

Graz tuji kukilav gulistaanan
Didrā bolaan chhi pyeth asmaanān
Jwoyi jaltarang vuzaan māadaanan
Zan divaan chhim me phyur armaannan
Vwony mā chwokanūy krāary tulanaavo
Yiyi he tsüy vantas vaavo

Phōly baadaam kohā daamananuy
Pheer sabzi vuḍran tā vananūy
Rang phyur tswopāary gulshananūy
Nyethānūy zāndy taany vāly pananūy
Tas ti nyethanūy shury yaad paavo
Yiyi he tsüy vantas vaavo

THIS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Who would convey my grievances to my bread-winner?
We have spring here. O gentle breeze! Go and
beseech him to return.

Snow clad mountains which are free from the clouds
are popping their heads from underneath
their quilts. Earth appears giving vent to
its yearnings when myriad flowers sprout
forth from it. Let my heart's bud also bloom!
O wind, tell him to return.

Snow has melted on the mountains and cataracts
and brooks have started running down.
Mustard fields are a blossom everywhere and
fragrance—laden winds come and go. O wind!
Crazy for flowers are you, but do not tease me
Go and tell him to return.

Narcissus appeared earliest and felt tired
by waiting for the tulips and daffodils which
hastened their arrival later. Poppies have
bloomed on my breast too. How was the spring?
They ask. "As one felt and experienced it". O
wind! go now and tell him to return.

Riotous music is sung by doves in the
gardens and sky-larks are singing high
in the air. Streams flowing through the fields
produce myriad tunes of Jaltarng which tickle
my yearnings. Scrape not the cicatrices of my
wounds now, O wind! Go and tell him to return.

Almond blossoms bedeck the feet of the mountains
and hills and dales are rich with verdure. The
gardens have turned colourful; even bushes
cover their nakedness with leaves. O wind!
Remind him of his naked children and tell him
to come now.

Rav zameeni yetskāaly pravā traavaan
Chhas zemeen pardā taly buth haavaan
Rāavmut posh bulbul chhu chhaavaan
Prath akhaa yeti dil phāanphālaavaan
Vān bo kami sūty dil phāanphālaavo
Yiyi he tsūy vantas vaavo

Gaamā swondryan beyi man chhi kaañh kal
Aay sāmithy pāanpari jaljal
Rafy lāagikh poshā kulynūy tal
Grazanāavikh baal tay jaṅgal
Kus me bozyam kas bo vana naavo
Yiyi he tsūy vantas vaavo.

Me chhi baalan kun lāgmūt laal
Ṭhari roozith chhum peer-pantsaal
Vaatahāa bo tas nish māarith tshaal
Baavahāa tas pananuy yih bad haal
Vaava myeti tas nish vaatanaavo
Yiyi he tsūy vantas vaavo

Daari pyeth kāar thaavith praaraan
Kan bo kadman tuhndyan daraan
Tsoori tsoore chhas bo ōsh haaraan
Zan ta bwon vasnas chhim me maaraan
Yavanun chaav kas bo thyekanaavo
Yiyi he tsūy vantas vaavo

Ryetakāalis kārith jaan fidāayee
Zuv tsāty tsāty ti chhanā mujrāayee
Chhay gatshaan dwon bāatsan judāayee
Batā kulynūy chha patāvatā vilāayee
Pātā thovun asi batā vaavo
Yiyi he tsūy vantas vaavo

Zan ti kúsmat son asi nish rooṭh
Gwoḍa tagangarivūy anyov asi tooṭh
Didrā hyeth tasji myon gevnuy myooṭh
Nyāav poshav kór me rangasūy looṭh
Vwony siyaah sari má lutaav naavo
Yiyi he tsūy vantas vaavo

Earth is unveiling its face to greet the rays of the sun after a long interval. The bulbul is enjoying itself in the company of long separated flowers. Everyone is gladdening his heart here. But tell me how I shall enjoy myself. O wind! Go and beseech him to return.

Village belles have few diversions. Like butterflies they assemble under the shade of flowery trees to sing choruses with which the hills and woods resound. Sing though I would, who shall be my listener? O wind! Go and tell him to return.

My eyes are glued to the mountains but the Pirpanchal is the barrier. Could I leap across it, I would meet him and relate the tale of my woe. O wind! Lift me high or else tell him to return.

With my head bent on the window-panel, I am all ears for the thud of his steps. Stealthily, I weep. No pleasure do I find in going down from here and move about. Who is there before whom I can boast of my youthful beauty? O wind! Do go and tell him to return.

During summers we spend every ounce of our energy and even after hard, sweating labour, nobody cares for us. We, producers of food, are in dire want of it. Loving couples are thrown apart and eternal is the curse of poverty on us.

Fate appears to have turned against us; manipulators and wire-pullers play havoc with us. Even sky—larks steal my song and red-tulips my fiery complexion'. A bashful lady like me is being looted. Can he bear such indignity? O wind! Go and tell him to return.

Doori vati pakvununuy chhi deshaan
Tahunzi bráaŋts shury kotaah chhi kreshaan
Ṭikh tulith tas buthy laari neraan
Thòd tulaan krakā deedee asmaan
Tsingrá maaraan laalā ho aavo
Yiyi he tsüy vantas vaavo

Chhas khabar shurnüy chha tām̄sunz maañd
Gav su yānā zonukh nā bar tay braaṇd
Vály yinuk kōrmas me koot baaṇd baaṇd
Vāny yōtaany saarvüy khaahn vāay daaṇd
Chhas bo lalā naavaan aamātaavo
Yiyi he tsüy vantas vaavo

Rood mañzbaag byooṭh sonuy khaah
Saani baapat krooṭh gav duiyah
Vot na arshas taany zaah son aah
Tsaala shurnüy hundi chhworā chhworā kyaah
Anā daade gayi panā daavo
Yiyi he tsüy vantas vaavo.

My children look at wayfarers coming from afar.
Expecting their father as one of them, they stumble
in hurry to welcome him and their joyful cries
resound in the spheres. They frisk and fawn in jollity
crying, "Our father is come! Oh, he is come!"
Therefore go, O wind, and tell him to hurry his return.

Full well he knows how much the children love him;
scarcely did they move out from their house since
he left. I had repeatedly told him to return soon.
Others have already ploughed their land, but I
continue to nurse my separation! Go, O wind!
tell him to return now.

Ours is the only piece of land lying idle,
unploughed! How cruel is the world for us!
Our sighs never reached the heavens. My children
fret and fume and sob, but how long shall I suffer.

February, 1952.

BAALÁ APAARI

Gará traavyom kami chiká chaavay
Pardeshan bo aas batá vaavay
Bará gos yeti garmuni taavay
Pardeshan bo ass batá vaavay

Ryatá káalis batá kwomá kari me
Rab donaan losam nari me
Khahasuy manz phutryam pari me
Me dapyov vanda neryam gari me
Dewá bo taapáwod paan shahlaavay
Pardeshan bo ass batá vaavay

Zonum ná laga yeth tatsi taave
Zonum ná gatshá eervuni naave
Zonum ná toth gará maa raave
Zonum ná mwoktá maalá chhakraave
Me dapyov yaavnuny posh chhavay
Pardeshan bo aas batá vaavay

Vuchhtá kót kót phyurvus bo obtánüy
Maaz latnuy hond gól me vatnuy
Kati yi syekh tá kati myon poshi vatnuy
Zan ti jahnamuk naar yeti tatnuy
Bád kásheer ti gwóðá kyaah bo thye kanaavay
Pardeshan bo aas batá vaavay

Myáany kásheer daadyen chhi baláraavaan
Myáany kásheer shaadyn chhi vuzánaavaan
Myáany kásheer vwopran chhi pholraavaan
Myáany kásheer pananyen chhi tsábraavaan
Pardaarche káryzi kyaah graavay
Pardeshan bo aas batá vaavay

Cheez sáany jaan jaan ameeran kithy
Kamá nemáts tá khaan ameeran kithy
Sáany mazoór zuv tá jaan ameeran kithy
Sáany zameen tá aasmaan ammeran kithy
Chhay ameeranüy tati swokh tá ssavay
Pardeshan bo aas batá vaavay.

THAT SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

I left my home with great gusto and came to
different lands in search of livelihood. But here
I am emaciated by heat.

Working hard in the fields in summer, sifting
slush and mud, my arms were frayed. I
worked very very hard in the hope of passing winter
in my home and soothe my seared limbs.
But I had to leave my home and seek livelihood here.

I knew not that heat would enervate me: knew
not that I would glide like an unpiloted boat: knew
not that my dear home would be lost to me, and
knew not that my rosary would be torn and
the pearls scattered. I desired to enjoy my youthful
days, but I had to come here for a living.

Look to what a place hunger has brought me!
Most of the flesh of my feet was rubbed away
on these paths. What a contrast! My native land
laden with flowers and this sand here:
Infernal fire: But how can I boast of my
home when I had to leave it for seeking
livelihood here?

My Kashmir cures diseases and rouses
slumbering joys; my Kashmir sets abloom
the hearts of aliens but pushes her own sons out.
What grievance can I have against her when
she lavishes her prodigal love on others?

All our good things are meant for the rich: Look!
What delicacies adorn their tables! Our labour, our
very lives, even our earth and sky are for the rich
who get luxurious comfort there. We have to go
to other places for a living.

Kaañh chhu aasaan áalimi mahshoor
Kaañh chhu aasaan háakimi mahshoor
Kaañh chhu aasaan záalimi mahshoor
Asy chhi saarinüy kháadimi mahshoor
Beyi chhu kyaah asi tee to bo thyekanaavay
Pardeshan bo aas batá vaavey

Asi chhi asüvüny kohsaar tá asi khyaaah
Asi chhi vasüvüny aabshaar tá asi kyaah
Asi chhi phwolwüny gulzaar tá asi kyaah
Asi chhi ðolavüny myeva zaar tá asi kyaah
Asi chhu haakusüty khôtmüt laavay
Pardeshan bo ass batá vaavay,

Äsy chhi haaká batá baapat háaraan
Yeð bárythüy batá kuy chhu armaan
Batá baapathüy chhi dohali ti kreshaan
Khabb batákiy chhi raatas ti ðeshaan
Yeð vadaa kiná gará yaad paavay
Pardeshen bo aas batá vaavay

Zoon khyevaan aasi myaani daade zahar
baalanuy kun swo assi tháavíth nazar
kus hyevaan assi tati tamsünz khabar
kus vanyes pyeyi yeti me khworsáy tabar
dáady káatyaah bo yeti lalánaavay
pardeshan aas bo batá vaavay

Kus vanyas chhus bo mozoor gomut
Chhum davaah daadi nosoor navyomut
Chhus zameenas bo yeti laaryomut
Looka húnzúnuy myechinüy bo pyomut
Chhus galaan andaree sharmi daavay
Pardeshan bo aas batá vaavay

Khoon kam káry me yes zooni bapat
Tásy myaani zooni sapdyaa yi haalat
Kiya so kreshaa bataphali baapat
Hay so lalavyaa az myon hasrat
Kas bo yeti vwony yi haath phutáraavey
Pardeshan bo ass batá vaavay

Illustrious scholars, famous administrators,
notorious tyrants, enjoy themselves in Kashmir.
We are no less famous, but only as their servants.
What else is there for us to boast of?

We have smiling mountain ranges, but what to us?
We have cascading cataracts, but what to us?
We have beautiful flowers and plentiful fruit,
but what to us? Our stomachs are walled
by vegetable mould alone:

We long for mere rice and saag and crave for a
bellyful of it. Our days pass in its search and
in nights we dream of the same. Shall I lament
for hunger and want or remember my hearth and home,
Wherefrom was I driven away to seek livelihood here?

My Zoon must be tormented by my absence from her
and her gaze fixed towards the mountains.
Who should look after her there and who can tell
her that my foot was felled by an axe?
How many privations should I endure here, where
I labour for a living?

Who can tell her that I am maimed here
and have developed gangrene for want of care?
Infirmity has compelled me to
lick the dust here and I subsist on the
trivial offerings of others. A sense of
shame is eating into my vitals.

What feats did I perform to get me my Zoon;
And should she waste thus? Should she be in
such want and endure separation from me
and pine for me? But who is here on
whom I could vent my spleen?

Zan ti koh aasi doh guzraavaan
Lol bwochhi tā shury kwochhi lalanaavaan
Yets so assi sāts kāry kāry thaavan
Aasi tee shuryan vāny vāny saavan
Kāansi nish ma so kari myaani graavey
Pardeshan bo aas batā vaavy

Thanda waava graayi zan chhi zooni hūndy aah
Zan ta yim chhi graavavuy bāry bāry shaah
Zan ta vwoshnuy hund yi toofaanaah
Zan ashuk ath manz chhu sāahlaabaa
Ahvulunisuy mañz maa bo raavay
Pardeshan bo aas batā vaavay

Heemaalā kam chhi baalā apāaree
Ziyi kulynūy path hyeth chhi khāaree
Lūyi losaan chhakh pyāary pyāaree
Karahāanakh yim naaz bardāaree
Tim chhi dādymūty yeti aamā taavay
Pardeshan bo ass bo batā vaavay

Kam laalā phāly chhi baalā yepāare
Lalā naavan chi lolā bemāare
Dooriran yetis chhi karmūty taare
Garā Kunuy chhakh darā āchh tā kaare
Barā gāamūty chhi varzāni vaavay
Pardeshan bo ass batā vaavay

Garā trāavith ti vantā provum kyaah
Vandā guzryom traavaan vwosh tā aah
Garā vandayo tse garā saasaah
Yeti yor garī nerāhā nā vwony zaah
kōt bo vwony zaah beyi garāh traavay
Pardeshan bo aas batā vaavay

Kaanh kasheeri hunzi vati pyeth me niyihe
Patā kasheeri yus moṭaraah yiyihe
Tami moṭarūch gardaah me diyihe
Tami garde me pooryer yiyihe
Tami garde bo paan shehlaavay
Pardeshan bo ass batā vaavay

Passing each day must be for her an uphill task,
fondling in her lap love, hunger, and children,
cherishing fond hopes and lulling children to
sleep by false promises and smooth excuses. Is
she not complaining against me before anyone?

A cool breeze passing here? It must be her
cold sighs loaded with protestations—a storm;
A drizzle? This is the flood of her tears.
Would'nt I get lost in this whirlpool?

What beauties are there on the other side of
the mountain, suffering separation from their
bread winners: Their eyes become glassy
by ceaseless waiting. Scorched by heat
are those here who could appreciate and
do justice to their loveliness;

Many handsome youths are on this side of the
mountain. Nursing their love sickness they are
suffering from the pains of separation with their
eyes and necks turned towards their homes;

I left my home, but what did I gain? I
merely sighed the winter away. O home;
I shall sacrifice a thousand homes for you
and shall not be away from you any more;

Who shall carry me to the road leading to
Kashmir and offer me some dust raised
by the car coming from Kashmir?
That dust shall surely cure me;

January 1953.

GHAZAL No. 8

Holā hōt dil pholāraave dolā traave akh nazar
Lol myonuy sholānaave dolā traave akh nazar.

Lōt ratshaa yim pūry traave
Pōt nazar diyihe agar
Akh ratshaa Khwor moornaave
Dolā traave akh nazar

Dil kōtuth taany tsoori thaave
Koot kari insaaan jigar
Yeli su aki laṭi aazmaave
Dolā traave akh nazar.

Mast cheshmav sūty chaave
Kyaah me shahlaave jigar
Teer nazran huṇdy chalaave
Dolā traave akh nazar

Posh vati vati pholāraave
Vuth su kumlaave agar
Navbahaaras maṇḍā chhave
Dolā traave akh nazar.

Panāni husnuk jalvā haave
Neri almastas ti shar
Lol dilkuy bolnaave
Dolā traave akh nazar.

GAAZAL

If she would but look at me aslant
My love laden heart would be set abloom:
My love would be set ablaze
If she would but look at me aslant!

Would she but tread rather gently
And turn back to look at me:
would she but stop awhile
And look at me aslant!

How long can one evade one's emotions?
How much courage can one muster?
If she would try me but once
And cast a slanting look at me?

If she would make me drink through her wild eyes
Refreshed and cooled would my heart be;
Would she but throw the dart of her glance!
And look at me aslant.

Paths would be strewn with flowers
If she would but smile.
Fresh spring would be put to shame
If she would but look at me aslant.

Would she but exhibit the splendour of her beauty,
Almast's yearnings would be satisfied.
Eloquent would be the love in his heart
If she would but look at him aslant.

July 1966.

MAARAMATI TSATI EEZIHE

Posh phölymüty kohasaaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe
Josh dyutmut navbahaaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe

Obra vuṭh mutsraavy phitráts sheenâ baalav hyôt asun
Zan tá yemi butâ ráatsa hundivuy daṇḍa maalav hyôt asun
Khooni dil vuni chhus bo haaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsá eezihe

Asftaabān taapā narivūy naalā mati rátmuts zameen
Baara bukā āas aamatsūy yetskaala chiy ashā káts zameen
Zolnas bo rashkā naaran maarā mati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaran maarā mati tsá ti eezihe

Vandake ṭhīpi manzā chhi draamūty heetā baadaam vaarinūy
Myul gomut yetskāaly az totan ta beyī vanhaarinūy
Laal myāanee tsey chhi gaaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe

Gulazaarav shaalamaaran bakhshumut nov noor az
Aāy bulbul láary lad tulne gulan hund vyoor az
Rājy chhi lájmutś naavā taaran maaremati tsá ti ezihe
Aarah krot hyoo chhus bo praaran maara mati tsá ti eezihe

Neerithūy butaráats andre ṭoory kass taany vuchhni draay
Bozā naavaan sozidil kōstoory kas taany vuchhni draay
Aarah kas taany kun chhi laaraan maaramati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe

MY LOVE YOU TOO SHOULD HAVE COME

Mountains and meadows are abloom with
flowers. My love, you too should have come.
Waiting for you, my plight has
become pitiful. Spring is in full bloom.
You too should have come, my love.

Nature opened her cloud-pursed lips
and the snow-clad mountains, like
rows of earth's teeth, have started smiling.
But I am still shedding tears of blood.
You too should have come, my Love.

In its warm embrace has the sun
clasped the earth which, with a load
of tears, was about to burst. Looking at
this I am consumed in the fire of jealousy.
My love, you too should have come.

Under the pretext of enjoying the
almond-blossoms lovers have come
out of the winter's confinements to meet
one another; but the pupils of
my eye are still in search of you.
You too should have come, my Love.

The rose-faced ones have lent new splendour
to Shalamars; bulbuls are in hot haste to
enjoy the company of flowers; rows of ferry—
boats cross and recross the Dal lake cease—
lessly. You too should have come, my love.

From underneath the earth, the buds are
sprouting forth to look at some one;
Tickell's thrushes are out to proclaim their harmonies;
Mountain brooks are in hot pursuit of
some one. My love, you too should have come.

Baaganüy manz zool zan kormut chhu shamaroyivüy
Muskhi ambarah barymutee az baag sumbály moyivuy
Khaará lögmüt posha zaaran maara mati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaraan maaramati tsá ti eezihe

Poshá Kulynuy tal samaavaaran ta beyi chaayan chhu bosh
Nazri hunzinüy dolâ traayan zulfachan graayan chhu bosh
Tobá phuṭ parhezgaaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe
Aarah krôt hyoo chhus bo praaran maaramati tsá ti eezihe

The gardens appear illuminated by the
candle-like bright faces; the hyacinth—
haired ones have filled them with the fragrance
of ambergris; flowers have become jealous of
them; My love, you too should have come.

Under the flower trees tea is simmering
in proud somavars; looks aslant and
flaunting tresses are pride of the place. The
vows of devout puritans are also broken.
My plight has become pitiful, waiting for
you. You, too, should have come, my love.

June, 1957

GHAZAL No. 9

Vyesiye tsalahāay tsalahāay
Tsālith tā tsalahāay vanannūy
Soor paanas bo malahāay
Tsālith tā tsalahāay vanannūy

Zaag hyamahāas bo dalahūy
Bo manz baag pamposhanūy
Pherā khyalā path khyaluhy
Tsālith tā tsalahāay vanannūy

Achhavalā bonye talā hāay
Bo doonee zāaly zāaly beyhmāhas
Tati bo gakhraś kalā hāay
Tsālith tā tsalahāay vanannūy.

Kyli sheen zan galāhaay
Kala ṭhaasaan vasah aarah zan
Lolā sudray balā hāay
Tsālith tā tsalahāay vanannūy

Khaak paanas bo malahāay
Tasundyun nakshipaadan hunzūy
Dyeva bo tamisūty balahaay
Tsālith tā tsalahāay vanannūy

Almasta kōt bo tsalahāay
Tsāly tsāly ti chhum lalavun me suy
Ywosu me lalayuny chha kalahaay
Tsālith tā tsalahāay vanannūy.

GHAZAL

Friend, I feel like running far away and
further yet; I feel like besmearing my
body with ashes.

I will watch for him in the Dal Lake in the
midst of lotus flowers, going from one
lotus leaf to another.

I will light a sanyasin's fire under the
shady chinars at Achabal, and there I will
bow to him, rubbing my forehead on
the earth

By love's heat I shall melt like snow
and flow down as a mountain brook, striking
my head against rocks till I feel at
rest in the ocean of love.

I will apply the dust from his steps
to my body in the hope that it will
heal my wounds.

But, Almast, where can I run away?
for wherever I go, I shall cherish
the longing for him—the longing
I am destined to cherish.

July, 1935

KHÁRY HAANZANY

Kheylvüy mañzá kháry káty tsáary tsáaree
Ḍalá mañza chi van háariye
Lalavakhá bwochhi kiná lolá bemáaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye

Kyehe karnay yim kháry kháty yáaree
Taavanani yemi baazáariye
Athy vanaan karniy dam shoomáaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye

Taapá kráayi mañz chhayna dastbardáaree
Rumá rumá gumá chhiy jáariye
Gumá vüy sūty gáy jañdá láary láaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye

Ratá chaani wotaley dwodá baapáaree
Patá tháv hay tse naadáariye
Tshetah kór yaavun chon batámáaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye

Pamposhav kár cháany gamkháaree
Báry báry aakh ásh táariye
Zonukh husnas chhaaná paaydáaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye

Jantáky saamaaná chhiy trowapáaree
Thavmáty ámy báazgáariye
Ándree záajnakh jaahnamá náaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye.

Ḍalasáy lágytan máala tswopáaree
Chhay tse kharichiy zimadáariye
Kyaah karakh nafsány chhay giriftáaree
Ḍalá mañzá chi van háariye.

A MAIDEN COLLECTING RUSHES

O Myna of the Dal Lake,
Will you fondle the pangs of love
Or quench the pangs of hunger
By picking rushes among lotuses?

What shall these rushes avail you
In these hard and treacherous times?
Alive you are, but you do not live,
O, Myna of the Dal Lake!

After hard toil in the scorching sun
Denied to you is rest and relaxation;
You sweat till your rags are glued to your body,
O Myna of the Dal Lake!

Dogged are you by unrelieved starvation,
Hunger puts out the flame of your youth!
But fattening on your blood are the milk merchants,
O Myna of the Dal Lake!

Feeling sympathy for you,
Tearful are the lotuses,
Realising the transience of beauty,
O, Myna of the Dal lake!

Blessed are you by the Great Juggler
With surroundings celestial;
But fire infernal consumes you within,
O Myna of the Dal lake!

Festivals may be celebrated around the lake,
But concerned with rushes alone are you;
Helpless are you, tormented by hunger,
O Myna of the Lake!

Doori pyeṭha boozum kan dāary dāaree
Aarah hāts chāany vilazāariye
Gevunaah zon samsāary be āaree
Ḍalā mañzā chi van hāariye.

Namsūy pyeṭh gamkuy tasveeraah
Pamposhav mañzy traavan aah
Almasthan kār nakshonigāaree
Ḍalā mañzā chi van hāariye

I was all ears for your plaintive notes
Which I heard from afar;
Mistaken are these for songs by the people of this cruel world,
O Myna of the Dal lake!

Sitting on the prow, a picture of sorrow are you,
Heaving sighs through the lotuses;
Almast painted your portrait
O Myna of the Dal lake!

March 1953.

GHAZAL No. 10

Mé kun maa pheer zaäh anváary saaqi
Tsé baaki myáany roodee báary saaqi

Tsä amikhwotá thavtä barnyan táary saaqi
Me káafee chhim panüny ásh táary saaqi

Zaraa vuchh syöd ma vuchh tály táary saaqi
Má tul vwony lolá chwoknúy kráary saaqi

Chhi maa ath dachhirasas ásy láary saaqi
Hanaa phir yor kun yim táary saaqi

Me dwokh dity kúty yemy samsáary saaqi
Zaraa dim hwokhaná vwony yim táary saaqi

Tsä thókham báagraavan mas paraayan
Yiman narinüy by laguháay páary saaqi

Bo aamut chaani saalay maykadas mañz
Me chhaa kyeñh yor yun begáary saaqi

Tshókith botal pyevan chay jamánish door
Chhi sáaree matlabas yeti láary saaqi

Ganeemat daam kyeñh athi áay almast
Chhi kas natá jaam rozaan sáary saaqi

GHAZAL

O Saki ! You never allowed me my turn. The burden of
my unsatisfied desires shall be on you.

Bolt your doors you may, O Saki, I am unmindful,
Sufficient are my tears for me to drink.

O Saki, look straight at me, not askance.
Do not scratch the wounds suffered by me in love.

Fond I am not of the juice of vine, O Saki;
Just turn your eyes to me and that is sufficient.

Numerous are the woes inflicted on me
by time; now allow my eyes to dry, O Saki !

Tired are you by serving round the cup to my rivals.
I feel compassion for your weary arms and wish them well.

I am in the tavern at your invitation, O Saki;
Mind it : I am not uninvited.

The emptied bottle is thrown away from the goblet;
Selfishness is the order of the day, O Saki.

O Saki, grateful is Almast for a few draughts that he got.
Who, else, is blessed by the constancy of the cups?

October 1962.

PAANICH RĀANY

Aab seenas pyeth chhu cháanee naav lalanaavāaniye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich rāaniye
Naav cháanee zan pakhan pyeth vaav paknaavāaniye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich rāaniye

Doori pyetha yali peyi me tse tā chaaane shikaare kun nazar
Broñt gav me vōth tsāndār asmaanūkuy aabas añar
Dop me vōth maa bwon thākith vwony pakypakee asmaāniye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich rāaiye

Broñt gav me vātsh punim hūñz zoon dyevah butrāats pyeth
Háaratas manz gos vatshmūts az yi kavah butarāats pyeth
Dōp me āny maa sāaly az yetskāaly maaliny krāaniye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich rāaniye

Bungri shrwoni sai suty vaayaan khoory chhee kyah zeru bam
Akh saraapaa saaz zan cháanee havāayee yim kadam
Saaz pakvun aabā pyethy sozas chhu vuzunaavāaniye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayekh tsā paanich rāaniye

Vuzuvūne kanavaaji gilne chhay dilan muhithūy nivaan
Pata ti adā pachhá vaadunūy kati chhuy yi dil kuni thaṭhy yivaan
Āchh vaṭith zan thāv kanav kin chhakh tsā arpaavāaniye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich rāaniye

Paan malakh nari tulytuli tsey kun chhu yemnūy hol chon
Méethy pētsi kāty chhiy divaan buthsūy chhu yemnūy lol chon
Chaani vati pyeth khyel chhi pananuy paan vwothraavāaniye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich rāaniye

Khoorivūy sūty mwokhta chākraavaan khyelan pyeth kus yi aav
Zanti pamposhan andar az pakvunuy pamposh tsaav
Gam chhu pamposhan dapaan paabañd thāv y áy láani ye
Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich rāaniy

QUEEN OF THE WATERS

Waters fondle on their breast your boat,
O queen of the waters!
Moving on its surface you look like one in dreams
With the winds pulling your boat on their wings.
O Queen of the waters!

From afar when my glance fell on you and
your boat, I thought that the crescent, weary of
its travels in the skies, had come
down on the surface of the water.

Later, I mistook you for the full moon
which had descended down on the earth.
Surprised was I what brought it down,
Was it invited by its parent for a
brief sojourn here, after a long separation?

The musical splash of oars accompanies the
tinnabulation of your bangles. The chords
of our hearts are touched by the lilting music
produced by your skyey steps, kindling
in us the flame of love.

Peace of our minds is disturbed by the wanton
tossing of your ear rings and for weeks
together our hearts are unable to rally.
Close our eyes we may, but we are
smothered by you through our ears.

Fond of you are the ripples which lift their arms
higher and higher: the reeds kiss your face
being in love with you. Lotus leaves
spread themselves on your path,
O Queen of the waters!

Kaala mastas pyeth chhi stsne patuchi rwoní naanpaan yim
 Zooni ándy ándy zan ta yim taarakh tavay kaanpaan yim
 Masta khyesh zan obra lóng yeth vaav vuḍnaavāaniye
 Khaabā māñzy zan aabā pyethy draayakh tsā paanich ráaniye

Thód raṭakhnaa poots chhay aabas andar kútsuvana yiwaan
 Moka zāanith aab maa nata meethy ath pootse divaan
 Moka myeti kath karnukhy tsey sūty bakhshum láaniye
 Khaabā māñzy zan babā pyethy draaykh tsā paanich ráaniye

DÓYMI DÓHÁ

Raath kyaah dyoothum ta az kyaah chhus bo'vwony ḍeshāaniye
 Aavulunisūy māñz bwoḍemüts chhakh tsā paanich ráaniye
 Ámy gamuky swosree ándāry khemüts javāani cháaniye
 Aavulunisūy māñz bwoḍemüts chhakh tsā paanich ráaniye

Zindagiya hūnz naav lájmüts phikri dāryaavas andar
 Aavuluny chhay koonā kaḍith animüts tse buthi vaavas andar
 Kāsmatun tsey zor azmaavaan tā kāsmat cháaniye
 Aavulunisūy māñz bwoḍemüts chaakh tsā paanich ráaniye

Gworbatūchi hili māñz phasemüts naav jahaadav sūty kaaḍan
 Losumatsā chhay nari magar musmam iraadav sūty kaḍaan
 Kus chhu mushkil yeth na buth badlov ámy insāaniye
 Aavulunisūy māñz bwoḍemüts chhakh tsā paanich ráaniye

Taavanav manzā taavanaah bōḍ hyoo yi be patsh rozgaar
 Dozakhav manzā dozukhaah tót hyoo syethah shikmuk yi naar
 Dāhā tā rehā rostuy ándāry insaanunūy zaalāaniye
 Aavulunisūy māñz bwoḍemüts chhakh tsā paanich ráaniye

Chhus bo az ami naará dōdmüt chham me tezemüts nazar
 Andrimyen chaanyan dwokhan pyeth chham tavay pemüts nazar
 Begamiyi kāatsaah nazar mōṭraavumüts āas miāanye
 Aavulunisūy māñz bwoḍemüts chaakh tsa paanich ráaniye

Who comes scattering pearls on the lotus leaves by
means of oars?

Is it a walking lotus walking
among the lotuses, unchained and free? The
lotuses rue their destiny which keeps them chained.

Your raven hair is held by the pearl-studded
ribbon and you look like the moon
surrounded by numerous twinkling, trembling
stars. Like clouds, waved by gentle
breezes, are your dangling, dancing locks.

Keep it a little higher; your mantilla is
being drenched in water. stealing an
opportunity, the waters caress and kiss it,
and good luck to me to get a chance to talk to you.

NEXT DAY

What did I see yesterday and what do I see
today? Caught are you in a whirlpool
and sorrow is eating into the very vitals of
your youth. O, Queen of the Waters!

Your life's boat is caught in the ocean of sorrows; untethered
from the shore it is facing the frontal attack of the storm.
You challenge your fate and fate challenges your endeavour,
O, Queen of the Waters.

Caught in the stubborn weeds of poverty, you try to extricate the
boat by hard struggle; weary are your arms, but strong is your
determination. What tangles are there which
have not been untangled by man?

Precarious living is the worst of calamities and the worst of
infernal fires is the smokeless, flameless, fire of hunger
which consumes man invisibly.

I am also burning in this fire at present and it has blessed me
with an understanding eye enabling me to peep into your
sorrows. Warped and blurred was my vision
when I was free from woes, O Queen of the waters.

June 1955

AAZÁDI HUND NAGMÁ

Vatnas bahaar aamut vatnuk bahaar pooshin
Yetskáaly aamutuy asi dilkuy karaar pooshin

Gav shaamigam khatam vwony subhe bahaar pooshin
Vatnúch yi shaan pooshin vatnuk vékaar pooshin

Kalúvaalá vaan pooshin beyi baadakhaar pooshin
Mas hyes yenuk ti pooshin tamykuy khumaar pooshin

Phuṭurov asi gwoláamee huñd towk pazrú sùtiy
Pooshin hameshū aazáadiyihund yi haar pooshin

Yemy sáany loluṇaaran zálith tshunee gwoláami
Saanyan dilan abad taany suy lolá naar pooshin

Sagnovmut chaman son yimvúy chhu khoonā sùtiy
Bilkul tyuthuy dilan mañz saanyan amaar pooshin

Azaadushaad roozin hindostaan sonuy
Yes yiyi azarvunuy tas laluvun yi naar pooshin

Almast intizaaras praaráan rozi yaaras
Pooshin su yaar vwopran asi shayi yaar pooshin

THE SONG OF FREEDOM

Spring has come to motherland ! May it last !
After ages our hearts regained peace ! May this peace last !

Night of sorrow has ended; may the splendour of morn last !
May its prestige remain undimmed, may the glory of our land
last !

O Saaqi ! May we and our tavern attain life everlasting !
May the nectar of consciousness last and may its intoxication
last !

The yoke of slavery was rent by us by the weapon of Truth,
May the garland of liberty in our necks last !

May that fire of love which destroyed our slavery
Last in our breasts till eternity !

There were those who watered our motherland with their blood,
May the same spirit in our hearts also last !

May our India remain happy and free for ever !
Let the jealous and the envious be consumed in their own fire !

Almast shall continue to wait for his friend !
Let his fond expectations last though the friend
may regale others !

15th August, 1969.

VIDVAAYI HUNDY YEDAACH

Gom kwôt me naar dith lwokâchaar myon
 Pherinaa pôt beyi yiyas naa aar myon
 Sontâsuy mañz gav dâzith sabzaar myon
 Pherina a pôt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Phôjis yeli maalini gare giliṭoor zan
 Aḍa kaji zyeve bolwun kôstoor zan
 Myaani zyenâ phôlmūt timan os noor zan
 Âasy kyaah lalâvaan me kanâdoor zan
 Os kotaah sakh timan amaar myon
 Pherinaa pôt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Kûty tanâ pyethâ sontanuy phôlrâavy gul
 Mâty gâmûty bilbicharavûy kyaah ḥhâavy gul
 meethy kâry kâry bombravuy vuzunâavy gul
 Poshâmativuy fotev sûty sombrâavy gul
 Kreshavun rood treshâ hôt gulzaar myon
 Pherinaa pôt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Soñth kâatyaah aay tanâ kyaah ditukh josh
 Bulbulan tay poshanûy tsâjy roshâ rosh
 Posh phôly rabi ḍoorinuy tâany aav bosh
 Phôly phôlee kândy moorinuy taany aay posh
 Kôṇḍ mwotsyov path kun yi gul rwokhsær myon
 Pherinaa pôt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Aaasi khaandar kâansi dil myonuy rivaan
 Tsanji tumbaknaarian hañzai vâalinji yivaan
 Chhûm mye ândri tsyeth panuny kôt taany nivaann
 Bronṭh kun chhum nakshâ guzryomut yivaan
 Yaad pyevaan chhum su khwosh deedaar myon
 Pherinaa pôt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Yaad pyevaan chhum zi âas myeti mâanziraath
 Mâaly vuchhanaavyom rut kyaah lagnâ saath
 Aamûtsuy dumdaamâ saan myeti âas baraath
 Poshamâts zan âas kyaah gwodnich swo raath
 Gom poshav mânzy buchhith shahmaar myon
 Pherinaa pôt beyi yiyas naa aar myon

A WIDOW'S LAMENTATION

Setting me on fire, where has my childhood gone?
Taking pity on me, won't it come back? The
verdure of my garden was seared in the very spring.
Taking pity on me, won't it come back?

In my parents' home I bloomed like a
daffodil, and in my lallation they heard the
thrush's song. When I was born, the entire
house seemed illuminated, and I was fondled like
a golden doll. Limitless was the love my parents had for me.

Since then, spring gave birth to countless flowers;
bulbuls enjoyed them madly to their heart's
content; bumble-bees awakened the flowers by
kissing them, and flower-lovers gathered basketfuls of them;
but my own thirsty garden remained full of longings only.

Many a spring came since then; how bloomful were
they! *Bulbuls* and flowers forgot each others'
grievances. Even muddy pads were filled with a
cluster of flowers and thorny bushes too were
loaded with them. But what was reduced to a thorn
was my rosy face.

A marriage ceremony anywhere makes my heart
weep and the thwack on the marriage drum strikes
directly against my heart. My inner thoughts carry
me to unknown places and I recollect in detail the
days gone by. The handsome features of my lord
swim before my eyes.

I recollect the night when my hands and feet were
painted with *henna* and how my father
found out the auspicious hour to solemnize my
marriage; I also recollect the gusto which
accompanied the *barat* and the first nuptial night,
laden as it was with flowers. Out of these flowers
appeared the cobra who bit me and disappeared.

Netaras kyuth kam karaan aasus bo sats
Shur bo aasus bekhavar zan nyendri hats
Maañzi nam vuchhy vuchhy gamuts aasus bo mats
Kyaah khabar aasum gatshyam yimanuy mye myets
Phwolvunuy maa dooṭhy gatshi gulzaar myon
Pherinaa pot beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Os vaarivi kyaah timan dohnuy mye chaav
Posh zan prath tarpha pholy zan soñth aav
Hyets yuthuy karnee mye yaavan poshi kraav
Tyuth konda akh motunuy seenas mye tsaav
Chhakrithuy tshunnam su vachhakuy haar myon
Pherinaa pot beyi yiyas naar aar myon

Kas khabar aas azalasuy kyaah os khaash
Kas khabar aas gatshi siras yitha paathy faash
Os bulbul jori kaḍanay pakhan vaash
Nyendri hats aasus mye phwolnay os gaash
Gaash phwolanay broñh vuḍyov samsaar myon
Pherinaa pot beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Tim rangeen kyenñ doh chhi kas vwony vaara yaad
Tim bahaarañy doh thavuny dushwaar yaad
Chum swopun hyoo vwony panun lwokachhaar yaad
Buth ti tas dildaara sund chhuna vaara yaad
Aavaryeni naar yaad chhum dildaar myon
Pherinaa pot beyi yiyas naa aar myon

Mood su aki lati chhas dohay bo yeti maraan
Traavy traavy vwosh osh harraan chhas doh barraan
Harta kartay myaani vyesa sodray karaan
Navy palav prath vahra navy zavar garaan
Gav samaajas baar yeti naryvaar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Aasy path kun samith gara aasaan yete
Os myonda zuv jaan tsatith melaan myete
Os na kyenñ shoglas manzu baasaan myete
Os tithay mushkil gomut aasaan myete
Kas chhu zuv yeturaavi kus az baar myon
Kyaah chunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Ah! What hopes were associated by me with marriage; in childlike innocence was I, as if in slumber; maddened was I to see my henna-painted nails, little knowing that these would soon lose all charm. I knew not that my blossoming garden would be destroyed by hail.

How proud I felt those days in my husband's home? It looked like spring with flowers blooming on all sides. No sooner did I begin enjoying my flowery youth than a mortal thorn pierced my heart, scattering the pearls of the necklace adorning my breast.

Who knew what fate had kept in store for me? Who knew that my secret would be betrayed in such a brusque way? We were a couple of *bulbuls* and we had yet to stretch our wings. I was in the slumber of innocence and dawn had yet to come; but before it was dawn, my world was reduced to shambles.

Who can recollect those colourful few days accurately? Difficult is it for me to remember those happy and joyful days. My childhood I remember as the wrecks of a dream. I do not recall exactly even the face of my lord. I only recollect the fires of the crematorium.

He died but once, but here I die a death each day; I sigh away my days and weep them away. Glamorous is the life led by my erstwhile companions, bedecking themselves each year with ornaments and garments new. But even my cuff-bands are a burden to our society. Has this society even now no pity for me?

Times were when families were undivided here, and after hard work I would get a morsel or two. This engagement would keep me busy and thus my difficulties were solved to an extent. But who has the capacity to bear my burden during these hard times?

Laagahāa vānytom kath kun vwony yi tsyeth
Hyôt gatshun bagavaanasuy subahāay mye nyeth
Kār agar vati kāansi bāayis sūty mye kath
Chhim anaan yeti tath ti lāty tay laanj hath
Koot gav zindā rozunuy dushvaar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Dimā bo zan asmaananuy khāsy khāsy yedaakh
Zorā zan ami khôtā ti vadā tshaṭā zan boo baakh
Kan thavun me kun samaajas darmā ṭhaakh
Chham mye lowli lalāvuny dohay darmāch yi shraakh
Darmā yithi gatshi naa yi dil bezaar myon
Kyaah chhuna vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Kath javāani vuchhtavuy kyaah gom me
Chwokh tā dwokh lalāvaan kyaah gudryom me
Be gwonaah chhas vantā kas kyaah khyom me
Shraaki talā haṭdarmache kāḍy tom me
Kyaah chhunaa vwony kaañh ti beyi gamkhaar myon
Kyaah chhuna vuni yath samaajas aar myon.

Darmache pachi diṭh āchhan kanānuy bihit
Kyenḥ kuṭṭhan mandran tā mañz vananuy bihit
Darmā kathā vyetshānaan anjumanauy bihit
Jori maaraan kūty gulshananuy bihit
Zan nā zaah vaatee timan taany naar myon
Kyaah chunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Rasam az taany kūty tōhy badlaan āav
Konā vanaan yeth daram āasy mashraan āav
Pata sati huñd rasam kithā phutraan āav
Pōz tōtuth taany koot tōhy khuṭraan āav
Jaan os dazānuy gatshanā khwota khaar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yath samaajas aar myon

Pher vwony hyesā kar mā rāsman daram naav
Rozunay zindā chhuy tā haṭhdarmi tsā traav
Yōd yatshaan chhukh taaraniy syōd syōd yi naav
Gaatalyev vōn naav traavuny vuchhith vaav
Phaatavivāh natā naavi ashkuy baar myon
Kyaah chhunaa vuni yeth samaajas aar myon

September 1952,

Now tell me how I shall engage my thoughts.
I began to go to the temple each morning for worship.
If, on the way, I would talk to a fellow worshipper,
people would lose no time to given rise to
scandalous talk. Now imagine how difficult it has
become for me to exist.

Even if I raise my lamentations to the very
heavens, and weep and weep
more vociferously, none would heed me for religion
forbids it. And it is this sword of religion that I have
to fondle day in and day out. Shall not such religion
create disgust in my heart?

Just see what has happened to my blossoming youth
while nursing my wounds and miseries. I am innocent
and I have done harm to none. Save me from the sword
of orthodox religion which is on my throat. Is there
none who can be my real sympathiser?

They have set blinkers of religion on their eyes
and ear. Some in their rooms, some in temples
and some in forests dwell. They convoke assemblies
to expatiate on the niceties of religion and a large
number enjoy themselves in the company of their
spouses. Do they think that my fire shall never
reach their skirts?

How many are the customs which you have changed
upto now? How many things are forgotten now that
were once considered sanctioned by religion? How was the
custom of Sati abolished? But how many cruel deeds
were done by you till then?

Disabuse yourselves now and call not "custom"
by the name of religion; shed this fanaticism if
you have to live in this world; and if you wish
to steer your boat across, untroubled, sail with
the wind, that is what the wise have said, Burdened
with my tears your boat shall otherwise sink.

Mubaarak do chhu kar daslaaba saaqi
Vuḍaavaan pakh shworaabe naab saaqi

Yemiy dohu os vuchhumut khaab saaqi
Tu lwobmut azi dure naayaab saaqi

Pather thav baaná tul mizraab saaqi
Rabaabe dil me gav betaab shaqi

Bo nagmav zindagihihunde vi barith chhus
Yiman kaḍnuk tsa kar asbaab saaqi

Yi traav paimaaná khāṇḍ rath jami kashmeer
Karun hindostaan seraab saaqi

Natai syod assmaanuk pyalā phirtan
Tu bar táthy manz shworaabe naab saaqi

Tsalee deyevu aasmaanas kaj adāayee
Tu traavan kaj adda ahbaab saaqi

Sabur kar yuthnu zan badmast gatshá vwony
Masham mwoykhaanukuy aadaab saaqi

Shworaabas maaz syethaah madhosh roodus
Me gwotsh az hyes yinuk asbaab saaqi

Yi duniyaah son yus janat nishaan os
Garazmandov banov girdaab saaqi

Ratki sagá dyot yi aazáadee hunduy kul
Ratuk sag dith thavun shaadaab saaqi

Tsu Almastas ti van az traavi mástee
Hakeekat yuth ni beyi bani khaab saaqi.

GHAZAL

Today is an auspicious day, O Saki. Let us make a start and drink pure wine to our fill today.

This day it was that we had dreamt of freedom, and this day it was that we found the peerless pearl, O Saki!

Put down the goblet and lift the mizrab. My heart is getting impatient; play on the harp O Saki!

I am replete with the songs of life. Provoke their utterance, O Saki!

Throw away this puny measure. Lift the beaker of Kashmir and flood the length and breadth of India, O Saki!

Or else, invert the sky's dome and fill it with pure wine, O Saki!

It may be the heavens shall no longer be faithless and our "friends" also shall shed crookedness, O, Saki!

Wait O Saki ! Let me not be heavily drunk, lest I forget the etiquette of the taveran.

For long I remained stupefied by intoxication. Today, O Saki, I need something to disabuse me.

This world of ours should have been the very heaven but for the selfish who have turned it into a whirlpool, O Saki!

We watered the plant of freedom with our blood. Continue the same process O Saki! It should retain its freshness, bloom and verdure.

Tell Almast also to give up his waywardness lest the reality of freedom fades into a dream, again.

26th January 1960

GAAMĀ SWONDUR

Chhandremüts chhakhay nyendā kāry kāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye
Rabi vaane gāyi yemū jaṇdā sāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye.

Graayi maaraan lyembi māñz zan pamposh
Aav nazran hūndinūy bōmbaran josh
Loosy ath royas gath kāry kāriye
Shamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye.

Kati Kati pyeṭhā swombrāavith masssaly
Sworgā atshā ratsanūy hūndi khatā khaalay
Kaamā deevan thāvnakh gāry gāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Chhuy yohay khaah ḍuniyaah ta dilbar chon
Chhay yehay myets daulath ta zavar chon
Chhay tavay narī zangā rabi bāry bāriye
Shamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye.

Yim daag yeti zoon ti chhi lalanaavaan
Guli laalā ti naal tsāṭy tsāṭy chhi haavaan
Tse ti rabi chhikā chooni zan jāry jāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Doori khaahā mañzā chaani gyeṇunūch aavaaz
Sūty didaryan ta nyenimwond jan hund saaz
Sanvūny chhi kanā kiny jodoogāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Rasyli haṭi bolaan rangā tsāar zan
Bwon namythūy chhakhay gwolaab thār zan
Bāath chi pyevaan posh zan hāry hāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Maṭi ryetakaali beyi kaṭhkāsh vandasūy
Chuy tse rozun mañz kunisūy jandasūy
Goye taaf tay beyi tūr tāry tāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye.

A VILLAGE BELLE

O village Belle ! You are exhausted by
constant tending to the paddy plants;
Drenched in muddy waters are your rags.

Waving are you like a lotus lodged in mud, and
tempted glances, like butterflies, have wearied
themselves dancing around you, O Village belle!

Where from has Cupid collected all this material
to shape and chisel your features like those
of the Apsaras of Heaven, O Village belle?

This very field is your love and the whole world of
yours; and this clay and mud are your wealth
and ornaments. That is why, O village belle, your
limbs are daubed with mud.

Moon also nurses such spots and the
poppies burst their apparel to exhibit theirs.
O Village bell! You are also studded with
beads of mud.

Heard by us from afar, enriched as it is
by the music of the skylarks and the
croaking of frogs, your song descends into
our hearts to work its charm there.

Singing sweetly like a nightingale, you
look like a rose-bough when you are bent,
and your songs fall like rose petals.

Be it freezing cold or heat scorching, the only
apparel you have is your sole rag. Heat and cold
alike pierce through your body, O village belle!

Trukinüy hündy garā batā süty bāry bāry
Thāavith tse myetsi lālā khōl kāry kāry
Chhiye paanas batā daadi kāany tshāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye.

Phaakā phari yimā nari koot yetraavan
Aalatsyen yimā koot kaal pyetraavan
Paanā batā daadi pemütsā hāry hārye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Beri pyeth chhui dwodā daadi phyaangaan laal
Brātshā novthan gwoḍā kartā āmysund khayaal
Kehe dil ti tshetā göy dwokh zāry zāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Ryetakaale khahunüy mañz goy yi haal
Chhiy lagaan baalan kun vandasüy laal
Maramāty suñd amaar zāry zāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Rav chhu bōḍ fāaz divaan chhuy janhaanas
Āmy ti shaamā rang kwornay tse hiyi paanas
Van ta vwony yeti kus kari yaavāriye
Shaamā soorāts haye gaamā swondāriye

Kneading the mud and clay with the water of
your labour, you fill the barns of the
unscrupulous clever. And you? Reduced to a
skeleton by hunger and want.

How long can your famished arms work and feed the
slothful parasites, when yourself you are hungry
and in dire want?

Your darling child is crying for your breast
there and you have neglected him to make him
fret and fume. Has suffering dried up all love
in your heart?

Such is your plight in the fild in summers, and winters
you pass looking towards the mountains,
nursing pangs of separation from your lord, and
awaiting his return.

Sun is universally beneficent to mankind, but
by tanning your fair skin, it too has
turned hostile to you. From whom can you expect
sympathy and understanding, O Village belle?

January, 1952.

GHAZAL No. 12

Noorihak yeksaan insaanas ta insaanas andar
Rav chhu kunuy aks byön byön chhee pyevaan baanas andar

Dääro harmüch phark kyah ani phark parvaanas andar
Shama dazuvan aasi kaābas yaaki butkhaanas andar

Yus chhu laamahdood rozya band astaanas andar
Chhaa Khwodaa mahdood kyeñh kaābas ta butkhaanas andar

Drenṭh yiṭi mahdood nazrav süty laamahdood kyaah
Dääro Harmüky ṭhāry tulith vuchh ner määdaanas andar

Door anigaṭa karnükuy yeli vaf bakhshus kwódratan
Chhuy kadar hyoo shamahas kaābas to butkhaanas andar

Dääro harmüky thekadar tafreek tulnas pyeṭh bazid
Hay atsun tafreeka rös behtar chhu mwoykhaanas andar.

Husn aasi rahnumaa yes āshk yemsund aasi deen
Chhaa vuchan tim deeno darmüch phark jaanaanas andar

Rang vo naslach phark chay rasmee banee aadam chhu kun
Vāsy pyevaan yim rasam chhiy khofas ta toofaanas andar

Jantā nish kam os kyah Almastā natā dunyah son
Rozi yöd insāaniyat moojood insaanas andar.

GHAZAL

The light of truth illumines the heart of all human beings alike. The sun is one but it casts different reflections in different pots.

The moth does not differentiate between a temple and a mosque. Its object of love is the burning candle, be it here or there.

The infinite cannot be locked in a particular shrine. Is God confined to the limits of a mosque or a temple?

How shall our limited vision behold the Infinite? Let us remove the discriminatory blinkers of temple and mosque and come out in the open.

God gave it the property of turning darkness into light; that is why the candle is valued equally in mosques and temples.

The partisans of temple and mosque are bent upon creating factions. Better is it for us to enter the tavern, unmindful of all this pother.

Those whose guide is Beauty and faith is Love do not perceive any difference of caste and creed in their beloveds.

There is no difference between man and man, the distinctions of colour or creed are merely customary. These fall to pieces in the face of dangers and storms.

If humanity would sway the hearts of men, O Almast, would not this world of ours be the very heaven?

—August 1967.

KUDY VANAAN SIPAAHAS KUN

Zòruratávuy tswapaáry laarvum gyoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor
Gayam yeli zindagee bekeafó benoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor

Myete osum yezath pananuy syethaah toth
Magar myulvum gareebeia tyuth gataath
Tsolum gaarath tá khwod daaree gayam door
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor

Turkyev khaary gara panany buthy dith gareeban
Tulaan yim sabaz baag haavith gareeban
Yihandy yim aashy kitha gatshaban mye manzoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor

Ameeran dolavani nyamats chhi deshaan
Zuvalmaal myaany bata phalinuy chhi kreshaan
Mye dop beparda maa gatshi vwony sa mastoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majoor

Tsa nafrats suty ma bakhtaavaara vuchh me
Tsa thav thana kaady pata ada vaara vuchh me
Tsa vuchh kormut mye naadaaree chhu twokasoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor

Khyeyam garaveth me nani vaana kany kany
Tshanym me tsaari pyetha kiy baana kany kany
Su kyaah vuchhi he beyis yas phor andary tsoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor.

Mye kuni meejim na draaye yos mozoore
Mye kus diyih me byoochhum tsoori tsoore
Zameen yeli tang gayam gom aasmaan door
Tavay go tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor

Ameer lachha bady chhi kharchaan honinuy path
Mangyekh insaan yod laayaan chhi tas lath
Tithiy gaamuty chhi yim badmast ta magroor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeth bo majboor

A PRISONER'S PLEA TO THE GUARD

When I was oppressed by want from all sides,
I was compelled to become a thief.
When my life was benighted and joyless,
I was compelled to become a thief.

I too loved my prestige dearly
But poverty dragged me to darkness;
Courage and self-respect fled me,
And I was compelled to steal.

Using the poor as cannon-fodder
And dangling distant gains before them,
Clever people filled their own coffers.
How long could I suffer to see them in comforts and luxuries?

Many a delicacy we see on the tables of the rich,
But my beautiful spouse would pine for a mouthful;
Lest she be tempted to turn into a street-walker,
I was compelled to steal.

O lucky one ! Look not at me with hatred ;
Keep your head cool and look carefully at me,
Look how want and poverty have pulverized me.

Openly I sold my household goods,
Including the utensils decorating my hearth,
What cares he for others who has thus
Been thieved in his own home ?

I went in search of work, got none.
Who would engage me ? I started begging stealthily
When sky became distant for me, and earth cramped.
That is why I was compelled to steal.

The rich spend millions on their dogs,
But they kick the one who is in want;
So intoxicated are the wealthy proud.
And I was compelled to steal.

Bwochhe hativuy shuryev tulham tufar me
Gatshith lotpáathy akidohá on zahar me
Mye anigoṭ gom naṭh tsaayam tá aam gyoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeṭh bo majboor

Zahar khyeth paan yeti maarun ti jurmáy
Gareeban kyuth chhu zinda rozun ti jurmáy
Chhikh ásy khándmats kiti zindá thawuny manzoor
Tavay gos tsoor karnas pyeṭh bo mjboor

Karith yus hamla kari taaraaj mulkan
Banith faatyeh karaan pata raaj mulkan
Mye niyi tsaadar akis bwochhi daadi gos tsoor
Sipah yaaro yi dunyahuk chhu dostoor

(2)

Sipaah yaaro karum rahmach nazar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me
Shryen gudryom kyaah chhum bôḍ yi shar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me

Vuchhaan maa chaanṭinuy tim looká huṇḍinuy
Dakan maa lágyumtiy yim looká huṇḍinuy
Bo kyaah khyemá yeti chhi yim batáphály zahar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me

Tim maa ḍolaan barantal looká haṇḍinuy
Gamuty maa tim laten tal looká haṇḍinuy
Tim maa pheraan aasaan darbadar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me

Karaan kyaah aasi kama khonji myáany masval
Karam maa káansi lata mwonji myáany masval
Chhu kyaah yeth zinda gáaniyi vwony hasar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me

Swo yeḍ huṇḍy jahnaman bepardá maa kár
Swo myaane naaba káariyih sard maa kár
Phuṭum maa vaará az phuṭmut kambar me
Sipaah yaaro garich antam khabar me.

My hungry children harassed me much;
Quietly I went one day and bought poison.
Darkness enveloped me, I trembled, I fainted;
Then I was compelled to steal.

Suicide too is a crime here,
For the poor, to exist is also a crime.
We are allowed to live only to serve the rich;
So I was compelled to steal.

He who is an aggressor and causes destruction,
Is called a conqueror and rules different lands;
Being hungry, I stole a blanket and was called a thief.
O guard, my friend; This is the way of the world.

(2)

O my friend, the guard, have pity on me,
Bring me some news from my home.
What happened to my children? I long to know.
Please bring me some news from my home.

Aren't they casting yearning looks on the mouths of others?
Aren't they driven from pillar to post?
Food for me here is poison, how can I eat it?
Bring me some news from my home.

Aren't they languishing at the doors of others?
Aren't they being trodden underfoot?
Aren't they loafing and Vagabonding?
Bring me some news from my home.

Isn't my white rose suffering in silence?
Hasn't she become an object of others' lust?
What use is this life to me now?
Bring me some news from my home.

Hasn't hunger forced her to sacrifice her chastity?
Hasn't my worthlessness made her cold?
Broken already is my back, but is it

that something worse is to come?
O my friend, guard, please bring me some news from my home.

July 1953.

DIL

Swondri aki achhavy kinyeth kyaa chov dil
Nyendri hôt myon kâmy sanaa vuzanov dil
Andary andree hâartas manz rov dil
Nyendri hôt myon kâmy sanaa vuzánov dil

Husnâ kis baagas aâdar tambâlyov dil
Patâ lôbum no poshanuy mañz rov dil
Hardâ gom nazre kanḍyan laaryov dii
Nyendri hôt myon kâmy sanaa vuzanov dil

Husnâ kahvachi pyeth abas parkhov dil
Sangdilan karihe asar kyaah lov dil
Gav saray kaninây ôtnany asi chhov dil
Nyendri hôt myon kâmy sanaa vuzanov dil

Myul gatshaan âkysuy pyevaa akh door yete
Raavâraan akh akh labaan dastoor yete
Soofiay løb aashakav nyuvnov dil
Nyendri hôt myon kamy sanaa vuzunov dil

Marganuy beyi path vanan koh saârnuv
Aarah palnuy kwolabachhan sabzaarnuv
Vatâ padyan pyeth tamysundyan vathrov dil
Nyendri hôt myon kamy sanaa vuznov dil

Nazri aki tshun seenukuy panjray tsatith
Vati pyethiy âmy shaahi husnan koḍ raṭith
Khaṭith azlan panunkiny thaavyov dil
Nycndri hôt myon kâmy sanaa vuznov dil

Os ham hastee vanith kam dam divaan
Phikri maa âasis phalakh taanyet yivaan
Husnâche aki nazri bas arpov dil
Nyendri hôt myon kâmy sanaa vuznow dil.

Sangdilan kun phirith bechhaayov thar
Tsrang dâny almasteranuy kâatyaah magar
Rango mushkuky dokhannuv bramrov dil
Nyendri hôt myon kâmy sanaa vuznov dil.

THE HEART

What drink was offered to my heart by a bewitching beauty
through her eyes?
Who was it who awakened my heart from a deep slumber?
In the heart of hearts I was lost in bewilderment.

Tempted was my heart in the garden of beauty,
And it was lost in flowers beyond my reach;
In autumn I saw it again, entangled in thorns.

In vain I tested my heart on the touchstone of beauty;
What had a delicate heart to do with stone-hearted?
It was established that so long my heart was up against stones.

Some are blessed with sweet union, others suffer pangs of
separation;
One loses and the other finds, this is the world's way;
Mystics found their hearts here, lovers gave their's away.

**I cast my heart on all her paths,
On pastures and meadows, hills and dales,
On boulders, amidst cataracts, on river banks;
By whom was my slumbering heart set awake?**

A single glance rifled the cage of my breast
And the queen of beauty laid the heart bare,
Eventhough Nature had concealed it within.

My heart boasted of its invulnerability,
Being carefree, it challenged even the skies;
But it was laid low by Beauty's single glance.

Almast had turned his back on the stone-hearted ones;
He had tried his best to keep aloof;
But the deception of colour and fragrance cast an illusion on
his heart.

January 1953.

HYENRUK POOSH

Doh chon loosuy goh sáary sáaree
Swondar máaly becháariye
Koh zan pyethá pyey nafsúny báaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

Nastan thöp dith door tsály sáaree
Draayakh tsá yemi baazáariye
Vantá vwony kus kari cháany gamkháaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

Gandagiýi mañz phátmúts gáry báaree
Gandagiýi tan dáary dáariye
Mulkaas kaasaan chhakh tsá bemáaree
Swondar máaly becháariye

Rwopayi chhay ardaah nini maahváaree
Táthy pyeth cháany khaaná dáariye
Ath ti páta beyi jamaadaar chhiy láaree
Swonder máaly becháariye.

Shury cháany nyethanúny ta beyi nanaváaree
Bwochhi súty chhikh áshy țariye
Kwochhi tulakh yim kiná malá báaree
Swondar máaly becháariye

Yuthná insaan maazúky baapáaree
Zaalá laagánay vanháariye
Maazas cháanis lagi kháreedáaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

Hyenras poshaa khor samsáaree
Ras chyeni aay láary láariye
Kalá bombar soodkhaar tswopáaree
Swonder máaly becháariye.

Gamá súty damphúty kas kari záaree
Mați chhis mal ambáariye
Gyevi kyaah vadnas ti chhas na kuni váaree
Swondar máaly becháariye.

FLOWER OF THE GUTTER

O poor helpless damsel ! Your days have ended in collecting dirt and muck. Like a mountain fallen upon you is the burden of your life; O poor helpless damsel !

Plugging their nostrils the people keep away from your path; Now who can be your sympathiser? O poor helpless damsel !

You drown yourself and your home in muck and dirt,
but you free the country from disease,
O poor helpless damsel !

Eighteen rupees you get as your monthly wages,
and on this pittance your entire family subsists.
And then you have to please the supervisor also.

Barefoot and naked are your children,
hunger flooding their eyes with tears,
Will you fondle them in your lap or carry muck,
O, poor helpless damsel !

Beware, O beautiful Myna, of the traffickers in human flesh,
lest they catch you in their trap; your flesh shall then be sold
in the open market, O helpless damsel !

Time made a flower grow in a gutter, and hastening
came the dragon bees, the money lenders,
to suck its juice, O helpless damsel !

Dumb and suffocated with sorrows, to whom shall she
disclose her anxieties ? Being burdened with a load of dirt,
she has no time even to weep, leave alone singing. ;

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Mañi chhis mal ambáariye
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she has no time even to weep, leave alone singing. ;

**Anigôt anigôt kuni kiny na gaashaa
Aashe rostûy zan laashaa
Kath kari Almast nakshonigâaree
Swondar maaaly bechâariye.**

**Dakness, stark darkness, everywhere;
No ray of light found anywhere ;
Only a corpse uninhabited by hope;
O helpless damsel ! There is nothing for Almast to paint.**

May 1953.

Khyal bo sádrak zal phakat saamaaná myon
Vaav kithá ádraavi zaah daamaaná myon

Myon khumkhaanay diluk váaraaná myon
Chhim panány ásh táary me paymaaná myon

Kháty naban taarakh ti az vwony óbrá sùty
Phaánphalaan os toti dil dewaaná myon

Baṭhi rosuy sádraah tufaanaa anigoṭaah
Naavi choñchaa be sarosaamaaná myon

Husná mai chovum dohay chyeshmav dwoyev
Toti rood tashnay diluk mastaaná myon

Haar chyeshman manz ròchhum thavihe kóbool
Kyenashiky durdaaná chhis názraaná myon

Ay Janoon farmaav kyenh vwony kót niham
Rood kyaah yeli dil ti gav begaaná myon

Nangá gayi kalvaalá súnz dyaanat magar
Koot natá yétraavihe kam baaná myon

Rango boyas lor kyaah Almast os
Vón gulav saathaa ásith afsaaná myon.

GHAZAL

I am the lotus leaf in the lake, and water is my only possession;
How can winds ever drench my skirt then ?

My desolate heart is my wine-celler,
And my tearful eyes are the only measure I have.

The heavens have clouded even stars today.
I could at least regale my mad heart.

An endless ocean, a heavy storm and darkness everywhere;
Just an ill-equipped raft is the only solace I have.

Daily my two eyes made it drink the beauty's wine,
And yet my mad heart remained thirsty.

I sustained the necklace in my eyes; would she accept it;
Some pearls of my tears are my only offerings.

O madness of Love ! Tell me, where shall you take me now ?
What hope is there for me, when my heart is also hostile?

At last the dubious faith of the Saqi was exposed,
Little could my small measure hold, otherwise.

Attached to fragrance and colours was Almast;
Laughing a while, his tale was told by the flowers.

June, 1962.

KASHMIR NUNDABON

Butaráats pyeth chhu rambavon Kyaah aashyaaná sonuy
Kashmir nundábonuy janat nishaan sonuy
Pananyev athav chhu azlan paanas kyuthuy banovmut
Heemaalá baal ándy ándy devaar ath chhu thovmut
Patá paaná bihith ath manz panánuy jahaar hovmut
Poshan hunduy sajovmat chhun gulsitan sonuy
Kashmir nundá bonuy Janat nishaan sonuy.

Khwosh sooratsuy panáni pyeth yeli zan chhu paaná kreshaan
Dalákis tá vwolárákis áanas manz chhu chaal qeshaan
Tami vakhtá vuchhin laayak aasaan chhá ámysunzay shaan
Yeli vwolásanás chhu yeewan yeti baagvaan sonuy
Kashmir nundá bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

Aki vakhtá os satisar tamipatá banyov kashap-mar
Kyen h kaal pyaalá chey chey gayi kúty ryesh munavar
Vunykyen ti kani phalyev talá neraan chhu aabi kosar
Chhiváaraan chhu prath akis yeti kalavaal vaan sonuy
Kashmir nundá bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

Aki vakhtá álymuadbuky gahvaará áasy yim baal
Khaamosh kyazi chhivah áy harmwokh tá peerpantasaal
Kentshah vāniv tyuthuy yuth beyi yi yi Kásheeri yekbaal
Beyi alim parni yuth yi yi soruy jahaan sonuy
Kashmir nundá bonuy janat nishaan sonuy

Ay aasmaan tse vuchhmuts chhay práany shaan sáanee
Roshan chhu prath ákis pyeth kya vāni zabaan saánee
Práanee chhi daastanaan manz daastan sáanee
Pronuy chhu kaarvaanav manz kaarvaan sonuy
Kashmir nundá bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

Ásy roodimuty phyekis pyeth hyeth yeti kafan panonuy
Sagánovmut chhu ratásúty az taany chaman panonuy
Azaad shaad yetiyor roozin vatan panonuy
Kadman chhu fel amisundinuy jismojaan sonuy
Kashmir nundá bonuy janat nishaan sonuy

Ywosá yekhtiyaar asi kar chhana kenh yi náv vathaah az
lhaak hindsuy súty chhana kenh yi náv kathaah az
Asi aadánai amich sath chhana kenh yi náv sathaah az
Hindustaanákjy ásy hindostaan sonuy
Kashmir Nundá bonuy janat nishaan sonuy.

BEAUTIFUL KASHMIR

How beautiful is this abode of ours on this earth, our Kashmir, the rival of Paradise !
With His own hands has the Great Creator made it for His own sake. Walled by the Himalayas, He set Himself in it to display His glory !

Unbounded is her joy when she sees the reflection of her beauty in the Dal and Wullar and right glorious to behold is her ecstatic dance.

Once the Satisar, it became the abode of Kashyap, and many saints and savants drank deep of the nectar of spiritual wisdom here. Even now nectarlike water spouts forth from underneath the small stones and all are intoxicated in this tavern.

Cradles of literature and knowledge were once these mountains. Shed your silence, O Harmukh and Pir Panchal, and utter truths to revive the past glory of this land where people from all over would come to receive knowledge.

O Heavens ! Need we reiterate the aspects of our ancient glory which is apparent to all and was witnessed by you ?
Ancient is our history and leading is the caravan of our culture.

With shrouds on our shoulders, we watered our land with blood. Let it remain happy and free and let our bodies be sacrificed for it.

The path we have chosen is not a new one. Our association with India and our trust in her is nothing new. We are Indians and India is ours.

March 1951.

LAL DYED

Aav zan kwonga poshavuy pyetha vaav az
Mushk yemikuy zan dyemaagas tsaav az
Váansi hunduy loob tamánaa draav az
Naav kámy sund asi zabáany pyeth aav az

Lal swoyamy ásy gyaanake prakaashi báry
Lal swoyamy díl sáany yoogáke gaashi báry.

Hov yemy vaayaan chhi kithá kány saazi díl
Bronthá kani yemi khoolithuy thòv raazi díl
Arshi khwota thòd khòt yemis parvaazi díl
Dunyahás yemi vaatanáav aavaazi díl

Sháayiree beyi yoogáchiy chhay arsh lal
Sháayi ran tay yoogiyan aadarsh Lal.

Lal swoyamy zan dyut sabak milatsara kuy
Saani vati yemy gaash trov báay chaarakuy
Lal swoyamy zan kos gòt dwognyaarkuy
Saaph páathy yemy raaz bov samsaarakuy

Badgumaanan támy döpuy bagvaan chhu kun
Dwosa loohráavith tshaniv insaan chhu kun

LAL DYED

Winds are blowing today from the saffron fields,
Their fragrance entering our nostrils and hearts ;
Age-long sweet yearnings are satisfied today.
Whose is the name that we remember today ?
Of Lal, who filled us with the light of knowledge,
Who filled our hearts with the light of Yoga.

She showed us how to play on the heart's harp,
She revealed before us its hidden secrets ;
The flight of her heart transcended the heavens
And the voice of her heart reached the entire world ;
Highest pinnacle of Yoga and poetry is Lal,
An ideal for Yogis and poets is she.

Lal taught us the lessons of co-existence and love ;
With the light of cooperation she illumined our path ;
Darkness of duality was dispersed by her ;
And Nature's secrets were clearly revealed.
To murky-minded she said, "God is one
Demolish duality's wall, universal is Man".

October 1956

Bo tsey kun vuchhvuchhiy toshan
Tavay chhaa báaly rosháanee
Bo maa chhus mañz hyesan hoshan
Tavay chhaa báaly rosháanee.

Mye vón husnan karim kam tshal
Tse dōptham āshk chhuy paagal
Mye dōpmay huan chhunā poshan
Tavay chhaa báaly rosháanee

Mye vón rotmay mye chon daaman
Dōputh kándy chhim tsataan jaaman
Moe dōp aasaan chhi kándy poshan
Tavay chhaa báaly rosháanee.

Mye aayov etibaaruy hyoo
Mye zaanyov paananyaaruy hyoo
Mye kormay haali dil goshan
Tavay chhaa báaly rosháanee.

Bo chhus akh lolakuy bemaar
Manjov may sharbate deedaar
Davaah mòng husná mainoshan
Tavay chhaa báaly rosháanee.

GHAZAL

Looking at you, I feel exhilarated ;
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?
You know I am not in possession of my senses,
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

I said, "Beauty played tricks with me".
You said, "Love is but madness".
I said, "Beauty is transient".
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

I said, "I have caught hold of your skirt (in supplication)"
And you said, "Thorns tear my garments".
I said, "Thorns co-exist with flowers".
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

Somehow, I felt like confiding in you,
Thinking that you are my own ;
And then I narrated the story of my love.
Should you, therefore, be angry with me ?

I am sick—but only with love,
And asked for the medicine of your kind looks ;
If the love-sick ask for a potion,
Should you, therefore, be angry ?

March, 1966.

RANGĀRY KWOND

Bahaaraki aki shabuk os patim pahraa
Tswodaahim zooni hunduy os zāhraa

Nyendāri manz os duniyaah mastu madhosh
Shwongith zan vaav taamath os khaamosh

Rahim Juva ne gare dits kwokranuy baang
Achannak Rama Juvane gaavi dits ʔaang

Tiboozith yaar gai bedaar dwonavay
Panani jaaye sapady tayaar dwonāvey

Nyebār draav Rama Rahymas kornā aalav
Vasiv vwony tser gav he Rahim laalav

Davaan doraen gay tim nanā vāaree
Karaan aasy saahibas kun āndāry zāaree

Dilas manz os akysuy shaahi sultaan
Beyis osuy āndāry deevee hunduy dyaan

Yim āasee yaar beavlaad dwonavay
Tavay kiny āasy yim naashaad dwonvay

Boḍemuty athy gamas manz āasy dwonvay
Khabar katsi vuhury gokh az bakhshituy day

Kanan aki vaanā pyenji pyethā shury vodun gokh
Tavay kiny dwoshvunuy khwor mooranuy pyokh

Zachan valithuy vuchhikh ati bachi joraah
Khasith akh akis khwota zan aaftaabaah

Yiman dwoshvuny āndāry kiny os yee khaash
Timan aav dwoshvunuy zan chyesmanūy gaash

Timan osuy āndāry dwoshvuny yohay zwon
Bārākh yekhbaar dwoshvuny saahiban khwon

Khwonyan kyeth raʔith khwosh khwosh aay dwonavay
Maryen manz panānyenuy tim ʔsaay dwonāvay

THE DYER'S VAT

Late hour of a spring night it was ;
Perhaps it was the night of the full moon.

The world was in the grip of a deep slumber ;
Even the winds seemed to sleep in silence.

The cock crew in Rahim's house,
Simultaneously the cow of Rama began to low.

The two friends heard and woke up,
And both prepared themselves for the chores of the day.

Ram came out and called to Rahim,
"Come down, my friend ; it is getting late."

Barefoot they ran
Praying silently to God.

Allah's thought dwelt in the heart of one,
And the other meditated on Mother Divine.

Both the friends were tormented by sorrow ;
Because both of them were issueless.

Drowned in this sorrow both of them had aged ;
After many a year God's grace fell on them.

They heard the cries of infants crying from a shop-front,
And both of them therefore had to slow down.

Wrapped in rags, a pair of infants they saw,
Bright like the sun—each more beautiful than the other.

Each of the friends had a yearning for a child,
And each of them felt a new lustre in his eyes.

Both of them had the same desire,
And God filled their laps simultaneously.

Happy, and carrying the infants in their laps,
Both returned and entered their huts

Timan dwonvüny garan phöl noor yekbaar
Ta anigoṭ dwonävuniy tsöl door yekbaar

Baḍey dwodā khandā dwonvay khaanāmāalee
Rangan yemi duniyahaky pöz hoshi ḍāalee

Tamiy ranga gav su yeth kwonda suy andar pyev
Akhaa gav masjide akh mandras gav

Yi zāanith päda kāry äsy äky khwodaayan
Magar beeṭhy thaph karith mukhtaliph jaayan

Banyov akh bōḍ gatshith islaamakuy tham
Baḍith pyev beyis hindoo darmakuy gam

Panun rang dwonvaniy baasyov afzal
Timan baasyov beyisund swon ti sartal

Dapav mazhab tamyuk osukh na kyen hosh
Phakat osukh ragan manz mazhabukh josh

Mothukh bilkul sāthār berang maa os
Mothukh berangāsuy aav rangā kuy kos

Mashith gokh asi ragan manz chhuy kuniy rath
Mashith gokh asi marith maa chhai kuniy vath

Mashith gokh äsy chhi maa insaan dwonvay
Banāavee byon rangan hayvvan dwonvay

Vuchhaan äasy akh akis kun dolā dolay
Vanaan kuny akh akis kun volā dolay

Panüny raṅganüy nazar teetsaah kārākh tang
Lāgee soṅchini khatam götsh gatshun badrang

Vadaan insāaniyath ath bekalee pyeṭh
Dāyaan Almast yitshi ath zindagiṭi pyeṭh.

Light burst in the homes of both
And darkness was dispelled all at once.

Reared in honey and butter, the children grew up ;
But the ways of the world turned their heads.

Each absorbed the hue of the vat in which he fell ;
One to the mosque and the other to the temple went.

Knowing that one God had created them,
They stuck to two different faiths.

One grew up and became a pillar of Islam,
The other wished well of Hinduism.

Each thought his faith superior to that of the other,
And each thought the other's gold as mere brass.

Religion ? They understood it not at all ;
Mere fanaticism coursed through their veins.

They forgot that cotton original was colourless,
And dyeing it caused the loss of its purity.

They forgot that one and the same blood was in their veins,
And from here both would go to the same hereafter.

They forgot that both were beings human ;
Two different colours turned them into beasts.

Each looked askance at the other,
And each lost the frankness of utterance.

The vision of each was warped by his own colour,
And each thought of eliminating the other.

Humanity sheds tears on such stupidity,
And Almost sorrows over a life like this.

November 1959.

GHAZAL No. 15

Nazravüy mánzy sooz támy páagaam me
Boli röstuy gav dilas leelaam me

Zwon kasund taam aam zan ilhaam me
Vwony chhu rashke subah gamkuy shaam me

Lol chhum aagáaz tay anjaam me
Gáaphilo chham kraam chhaná kyeñh paam me

Mast chyeshmav chomutuy tyuth jaam me
Vumbri pyeṭh káafi chhu suy akh shaam me

Kun vyendum yeli kufur táay islaam me
Manzile maksood labnay aam me

Husán yemy tshonḍuy ándáry soofee banyov
Tshonḍ suy nyebree ta khòt ilzaam me

Swoy karaan aásám havaá daamaana sùty
Gos beyi behosh hyes yeli aam me

Roov aaraamas pathuy aaraami dil
Lòb mashakatasuy aṇdar aaraam me

Dil chhu paavaan yaad beyi suy kooyi naaz
Beyi karyam rusvaa khayaale khaam me

Áshk chonuy thòv khāṭith váalinji mañz
Husn chonuy kòr mye tasht az baam me

Naav patshiháñz lolá kis sádras andar
Tráav yeli buthi paaná sáahil aam me

Vuḷṭá vaktas mañz hyanay Almast aav
Haay vuchh kath swoná kalas gav traam me

GHAZAL

A message she sent to me through her glances,
And without a bid my heart was auctioned away.

I remembered someone and it gave me inspiration divine
Turning my night of sorrow into an exuberant morn of joy.

Love is, for me, the beginning and end of all things.
O heedless one ! This is my motto, not something unworthy :

Ecstatic eyes made me drink that cup of wine
Which shall last for me till eternity.

When faith and infidelism appeared alike to me,
Facile was for me to reach the goal.

Inward search for Beauty made one a sufi ;
I sought it in outward things and they hold me guilty.

When with her skirit she fanned me,
Consciousness regained by me was lost again.

Searching for peace, I lost my peace of mind ;
But true peace I found in hard toil alone.

My heart again recollects the lane of the beloved ;
This sad mistake shall again make me an object of ridicule.

Love for you I kept concealed in my heart;
But your beauty I exposed thoroughly to the world.

When the boat of confidence was
launched by me in the ocean of Love,
What greeted me was the shore itself.

Almast, you are caught in the meshes of bad times !
Look, your golden head has turned into copper.

July 1974.

LÁANKI PYETH

Baraan chhas chaani yinákuy chaav yizihe
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Mye gomo loosithüy doh präary präaree
Lájee vwony ráats hunzi yiná chiy tayáaree
Thákith vwony rav ti sáyjdas tsaav yizihe
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizi he

Nabachi hoore vájee swonháary vuḍinyaah
Ḍalan vájy aksáchiy zartáary vuḍinyaah
Vwolo vúnkyan tsá yim rang chhaav yizi he
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Karun pazi sáal yithi rángéen vaktaay
Barun pazi lol yithi haseen vaktaay
Vwolo be aará mo thav graav yizihe
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Róṭuy zan naalámáti doh ráats vúnkyan
Mulaakaatách yiman gār váats vúnkyan
Vwolo tsá ti vwony mye mo ambanaav yizi he
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizi he

Vuḍith myáane buthikhy páathý gav nabas rang
Loguy zaa gaṭi to gaashas paanaváany jang
Mye gaṭi gaashuk yi tanz ánzaraav yizihe
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizi he

Kulyev pyethá soz kór dachhipoñpurav bañd
Shwongiy gul bulbulav kár panüny zyeve bañd
Vwony pheerith aay aalyan kaav yizi he
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizi he

Ḍalas mañz taarakan huñd asks tezyov
Su napá napá karávnuy vwony raks band gav
Ta aav páanis andar ṭhahraav yizihe
Bo praaraan láanki pyeth hyeth naav yizi he

ON THE GOLDEN ISLAND

In prideful expectation am I waiting on the Golden Island, with a boat for you. I am collecting select lotuses for you; do come.

My day passed in waiting for you; now the night is about to fall; the weary sun is also bowing in prayer. Do come now; I am waiting here with a boat for you.

That houri, the sky, has draped itself in gold, and interlaced with golden thread is the scarf covering the Dal lake. Come and feast your eyes on this colourful scene. I am waiting here with a boat.

It is the most colourful time for a boat ride. and the best time for making love. O cruel one ! Leave no time for later regrets. Do come now, I am waiting with a boat.

The night appears to have clasped the day in its embrace; the time for their union has come. Do not tantalize me any more. Come- I am here waiting for you with a boat.

Like that of my face, the colour of the sky has vanished, as if light and darkness are at war with each other, Come and release me from the bonds of a struggle like this. I am waiting here with a boat.

Perched on the boughs, the beetles have stopped their murmurous song; flowers are in slumber and hushed are the bulbuls. Crows have come to roost in their nests. I am waiting for you with a boat.

The reflection of the stars on the Dal's surface is becoming brighter and the dance of the shimmering ripples has come to a halt. Even the waters are becalmed and stilled. Come now, I am waiting for you with a boat.

Yi kámy tráav Telbály kin gyevan lāhraa
Mye gáy kan kháry dopum tsüy aakh zāhraa
Kanas mañz hyeth bihith chhas vaav yizihe
Bo praaraan lānki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Yi kyaah gav Shaalamáar kiny khoory thas hyoo
Shikáaryaah pakánukuy gav doory thas hyoo
Vwolo be aarā mo matsaraav yizihe
Bo praaraan lānki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Gáyee zan boni taany behosh khaamōsh
Gamüty áshy taary hyeth pamposh khaamōsh
Ta aav amnas andar vwony vaav yizihe
Bo praaraan lānki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Tsá bozakh saaph vwony dubraay myāanee
Chhu kyaah táajib tse pheree maay myāanee
Chha kwosā kath myeti agar shar draav yizihe
Bo praaraan lānki pyeth hyeth naav yizihe

Who has started a strain from the Telbal side ?
My ears stand stiffened and I believe you are coming.
Glued are my ears to the flutter of your arrival.
Do come now, I am waiting here with a boat.

I hear the splash of oars from the direction of
the Shalamar, as if, from afar, a shikara is sailing.
O merciless one, do not make me mad, do come.
I am waiting here with a boat.

Even the chenars are motionless and silent.
Lotuses are calm with their tearful eyes.
Wind too is still and peaceful. Come, I am waiting.

Now you can hear my heart-beats clearly ;
no wonder, if love for me returns to your heart.
No wonder, if my yearnings find an outlet.
So come now, I am waiting for you with a boat.

November 1958.

Laaraan tsey patay yim myāanee khayaal vyesiye
 Tshaaraan tsey tswopāaree yim myāany laal vyesiye
 Gaaraan pādy mye chāanee tshāndy kohtā baal vyesiye
 Tshaaraan tsey tswopāaree yim myāany laal vyesiye

Tshaandaan yaara balanuy vāny dit mye aarāpalnuy
 Pay chon prutsh mye ḍalnuy pamposhnuy ta khyelnuy
 Kalānalā bo chhus banyomut zan akh savaal vyesiye
 Tshaaraan tsey tswopāaree yim myāany lal vyesiye.

Husnuk kamaal hāavith pananuy zahaor trāavith
 Zan subah phōlarāavith tshunthas bo vuzanāavith
 Dil myon baanbarāavith trovuth khayhal vyesiye
 Tshaaraan tsey tswopāaree yim myāany lal vyesiye.

Tyeli yoosmargi pyeth yeli asi panuny dāady baavey
 Chhuyi yaad poshi lanji nuy pyeth yeli googoosy traavey
 Tim vāada aadanuky kyaah kuni saatā paal vyesiye
 Tshaaraan tsey tswopāaree yim myāany laal vyesiye

Almastunuy tsa vuchh haal āndy maa mye trov kaanh baal
 Harmwokh tā Peer Pantsaal pheraan gom yetskaal
 Talā dādy mye taapā suty pādy pyethā nāny yi taal vyesive
 Tshaaraan tsey tswopāaree yim myāany laal vyesiye.

GHAZAL

My love, my thoughts pursue thee,
And my eyes seek thee everywhere.
Hills and dales I traversed
In quest of thy foot-prints.

Searching for thee, I looked at river banks and
over the boulders,
I asked thy whereabouts from the lakes, the flowers
and the lotuses.
From top to toe my whole being has become a question.

Casting a spell on me through thy ravishing beauty
and splendour,
Summoning the dawn, awakened me,
And kindling in me the flame of love, thou neglected me.

Swinging ecstatically on fragrant boughs at Yusmarg,
Do you remember we exchanged thoughts and made promises.
Do sometime redeem those promises of those early days.

Look at Almast; he has left no mountain unscoured;
Harmukh and Pirpanchal he has searched for long;
His soles below and his bald pate above are scorched
by sun-shine
His eyes have been looking for you all over.

December 1954.

GAREEB KORI HĀNZĀ GRAAVĀ

Tsy dyut tham kath kyutuy khasavun yi yaavun
 Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun
 Yi osuy vakt pananuy raavaraavum
 Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Tsy pholraaveth sâhraavas andar gul
 Kôruth pòz koot pholraavith tagophul
 Nā chhum sag yeti na chhum saayas kyuthuy kul
 Nā chhum kaanh baagvaan maazaan nā bulbul
 Gwodany gatshi bulbulan yeti maal haavun
 Mye yithi zanmay dayo kaah os praavun

Bo amikhotā aasahāa tsey paad malnuy
 Gulan zaalaan chhi yeti manz naarā khalnuy
 Chaḍaavaan posh chhiy pyeth kani palnuy
 Chhi baavaan zwozarithuy patā yaarabalanuy
 Yiman kuni pāathy chhu man yeti ranzanaavun
 Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Banāavith zoon hish vwon kyaah mye provum
 Kamaalas yaam yaavun vaatanovum
 Khayaalan vāaryviky chhānyrith mye povum
 Ta naadāari hunduy dagg lālā novum
 Su yaavun kyaah phare yath daag lālāvun
 Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Mye amikhwotā thāvy zi he tsuy taarākan mañz
 Bo vuchhahaa moj zagtuk maarkan manz
 Na osum vāaryvuk na maalynyuk tanz
 Na osum kun yinuk na gatshanakuy sañz
 Bihith āchh naaṭa karā hāa zagtasuy kun
 Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Magar any thas tsye bo samsaarasuy manz
 Mye ami khwota traavahak kuni naarā suy manz
 Pyeyas bo ḍoṭh zan bahaarasuy manz
 Tshunim beyā moj mol aazaarā suy manz
 Vwony osuyi myaani ranga eezaa timan dyun
 Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun.

A POOR MAIDEN'S COMPLAINTS

Why, O God, did you make me and grant me
this blooming youth ? It was mere wasting your
care on me, for what had I to gain by being born?

You made me a flower in a wilderness, but forgot
it afterwards. I have no one to water me, no
sheltering tree, no gardener, and no song-bird to
love me. These birds must be assured of gold before
they love.

Happier were I at your feet in heaven; for in this
world people throw flowers into fire, or offer them
to stones, and throw them into rivers after they have
faded. They have somehow to please their fancy.

What have I gained from my moon like beauty ? As I grew
to fullness, I began to waste away at the thought of
my father-in-law's house, and poverty became a blot
on me. There is no joy in recalling a youth in which
one has to nurse a wounded heart.

You had better place me among the stars, whence
I could witness the course of events without any
worries about my father's or father-in-law's house,
and would not be bound to go from one to the other.
Sitting, I would only have winked at the affairs of this world.

Yet you brought me into this world. It were
better to throw me into fire, for here I was as
unwelcome as hail in the season of flowers,
and made my parents miserable. Did you mean to
harm them through me?

Gwodany maa myaani zyenā yeti kaanh ti khwosh gav
Wwoshiy vwosh pyeyi tā gār garasuy duyun pyev
Bo āasāsā nyechuv khasi hekh poori kiny rav
Gāyakh gwodā koor naav hyenasuy gale zyeu
Wwojāariyi panani hund aakh nakshi bronh kun
Mye yithi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun.

Jokhukh zan āasy lāgmūty daandavaane
Panun swokh gokh rāavith aanimaane
Haṭis dith kāantā sombrukh veri myaane
Dumbri dumbre tā ratsi ratsi daani daane
Patav yeti kaanh gotshukh mujrāaiyee dyun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Lwokāt āasasakh bo zan gulzaar phwolvun
Baḍith baasey sakh zan naar zalvūn
Lwokāt āasasakh bo zan kanā door alavun
Baḍith pyeysakh bo zan nosoor lalāvun
Su lwokā chaar myon osum hāajy baavun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Galaan chhas kōt sanaa gatshi paarsal me
Gātshim na aasāney tim naa ahal me
Dapaan chhas gatshy na tim anānty vadāl me
Galaan chhas kar gatshyam mushkil yī hal me
Gōtshum na mol kuni mandā chhaavanay yun
Mye yethi zanmai dayo kyaah os praavun.

Nyechiv sunzi vizi chhi gwodā nari zethāraavaan
Na yaad insāaniyat rozaan na bagawaan
Chhi kethā kethā pāathy apzāy shaa haavaan
Chhi kami kami rangā shikaaras phaansanaavan
Patav chhukh myani vizi pheraan motun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

Dayo kar panani dystay chhaarā myonuy
Anukh vwony laalā vaalyan aar myonuy
Nataai yetā raavi kus yeti baar myonuy
Chhi bronthāy maajy moluy khaar myonuy
Bichaaryan garā ti chhukh vwony rahnā thaavun
Mye yethi zanmay dayo kyaah os praavun

No one rejoiced at my birth; all were sad and sobbing. Had a son been born he would be to them like the rising sun, but as it was I, they did not like even to mention the birth of a daughter. My birth brought before their vision their ruin in the future.

They laboured hard like yoked oxen; their own pleasures went to the winds; they denied even food to themselves and saved money for me penny by penny and bit by bit. Yet, alas, who will appreciate their self-denial ?

As a child I was to them a blooming flower or a jewel, but when I grow up, I was to them like a burning fire or cancer. Alas, my childhood was brief as a distant lightning flash!

Now I pine wondering to what house I shall be sent like a postal parcel; whether they will be humane and will not make me miserable; and when the problem will find solution, I fear all the while lest my father should be disgraced.

When they marry a son they spread long arms to receive a rich dowry, forgetting humanity and God. They pretend to be grand and try in many ways to entrap their victim. But when a daughter is to be married, they turn pale as death.

Help me, O God, so that the groom's people may take pity on me. Otherwise, who will support me at my father's house, since my parents are already miserable and have, poor people, to mortgage their house.

October 1952.

GHAZAL No. 17

Baalā paan kōrtham zaaye jaanaana beparvaaye
 Vati vati chhas bal vuchhaan
 Kani falinuy faal vuchhaan
 Losim mye āchh laal vuchhaan
 Jaanaana beparvaaye.

Āchh ti gayam vādy vādy me
 Kandīnuy laarem pādy me
 Poornā karu yin zādy me
 Jaanaana beparvaaye

Kaanh chhum nā broññth tay path me
 Yitmo tā kartamo sath me
 Anigaṭi mañz haav vath me
 Jaanaana beparvaaye

Dashi ganji mye astaanan
 Rachhi kari mye peerā vaanan
 Beyi kyaah chhu athi insaanan
 Jaanaana beparvaaye.

Vāny ditmay aarāvalnuy
 Dam dity mye pamposhā ḍalnuy
 Myon dod kuninaa chhu balnuy
 Jaanaana beparvaaye

Doori kuni jaayi paan khaṭāhaa
 Khalvakh baakhaa tshaṭāhaa
 Āshisuy manz baag phaṭāhaa
 Jaanaana beparvaaye

Vaar chhum na lolā naar khaṭnas
 Vaar chum na lolā naar tshaṭnas
 Lolā nāary aninas bo phaṭnas
 Jaanaanā beparvaaye.

GHAZAL

Wasted you have my youth, o careless; reckless love;
I am young and searching for you everywhere;
I count the pebbles to guess my fate on every path,
And wearied are the pupils of my eyes,
O My careless, reckless love.

Tears have made me lose my sight
And my feet are worn out with thorns.
When shall these wounds of mine be healed,
O My careless, reckless love.

None is there to look after me,
Come and infuse confidence in me.
Show me the path midst this darkness,
O My careless, reckless love.

Offerings have I promised at the shrines,
And obtained amulets and charms from the Pirs.
What else can a human being do,
O My careless, reckless love ?

I searched for you amongst flowers,
I dived into the lotus—lakes;
But my malady is still uncured,
O My careless, reckless love.

I want to hide myself far somewhere,
And in solitude to weep aloud,
And to drown myself in my own tears,
O My careless, reckless love.

Impossible for me is to hide the fire of love;
Impossible for me is to exhibit the same;
This fire of love is choking me within,
O My careless, reckless love.

Gari káḍsa chāani khayaalan
pheerās bo margan tā baalan
Tshondukh mye pyeṭha kohā maalan
Jaanaanā beparvaaye

Almastasuy chhaa taakat
Ḍakhā thavi vāalinji parbat
Ada vāni dilachiy haalat
Jaanaanā beparvaaye.

Goaded by your thoughts, I quit my home,
And wandered through meadows and hills.
On mountain tops I have been searching for you,
O My careless, reckless love.

Love has made Almost grow weak,
Support his heart with a mountain did he,
And then alone could he describe the plight of his heart,
O My careless, reckless love.

June 1935.

Sádra jorrarh draayi pháty joraah
 kalan pyeth hyeth gare
 Ðaala deevaan tshaalá maaraan
 zan tá vanáche páanpare

Pûry nâny traavaan aḍee pamposh zan
 pyeth tath vate
 Gardi pyeth yemikuy akas
 vuchhtuy musavir kaanh mate

Kyaah zalaan zotaan áasákh
 jandanuy manz pryeny swo tan
 Kwodratan zan chyeshmi badá baapat
 valith thavmutsá zachan

Môdri haṭi sũty aasá ándree
 lolá kee gaayaan geet
 Mahav kathtaanyeth khayaalas
 os goohis gatshnuk su heet

Vaav duryan baalanuy pyeth
 os ôbras suty gindaan
 Vuchhvuchhee áth ôbrasuy kun
 aasá timá kyaah taany sworaan

Gaamá ándriy neerithuy yeli vaatsa máadaanas andar
 Goohy lyebyen kun vuchh vuchhee sádran lajikh ándree sasar

Lagi sásar maashook ḍeeshith aashikas yuth paanasuy
 Zan timay maashok tati aasy vaharithuy máadaanasuy

Akh ákis bronh dorane laji
 zorá saanuy maan máany
 Maay akh akysunz máṭhâkh
 ṭhamá ṭham vátshakh yets paanaváany

Goohy lyebe path goohy lyebe yeli aasá
 timá dwonavay davaan
 Zan akhaaḍas indrasándisuy
 mañz rakas vigine karaan

GATHERERS OF COW-DUNG

Two girls, friends, with baskets on their heads,
came out of their homes, frisking and
fawning, like butterflies of the woods.

Their lotus-like feet, half-pressed on the dusty path,
created prints so charming as would make a painter crazy.

Through their rags their fair white bodies shone and
twinkled; nature appeared to cover them in rags to
save them from the evil eye.

They sang love songs melodiously in low tone.
Rapt in some other thought were they and gathering
dung was just an excuse.

On far off mountains winds were playing with clouds.
The two friends were recollecting something while
looking at the game of the clouds and winds.

Coming out of the village as they reached the
open plains the two friends felt an internal agitation
on spying cow dung.

It was an agitation that a lover feels when he sees his
beloved. The pieces of dung appeared like various
beloveds lolling on the ground.

They ran, began to overtake each other and the
competition grew stronger; forgot they their love
and an altercation followed.

While running from one piece of dung to other,
they looked like apsaras dancing in the court of
Lord Indira.

Orā aav dardar karaan sraṇḍaah
guṇḍā guryasuy khāsith
Aav gareebēe hund timan baas
peyi swo swondartaa vāsith

Tshwopā kārith timā rozā löblöb
adbā saan kārhas salaam
Zan āmeeran hund chhu prath vati pakavunuy
aasaan gwolaam

Kalā ta gardan āas gāamuts
charbā sūty yeksaan tāmis
Maantsa kreel eeraan āasy baasaan beyi insaan tamis

Naphratuch nazraah zachan tihinzan
karith bronh kun su draav
Mast dowlatkis nashas manz
zan vuḍaan osuy su vaav.

Door kyenh neerith tamis hāakimā sundiy gury trāv lyed
Tee vuchhith sodran khoshee hund rood nā adā kaanh ti had

Mwochhi vāṭith ṭākh tuḡy timav
laaraan aay dwonavay totuth
Akh ākis path dakā divaan
kahytaany gay dwonavay totuth

Vāatithuy tōt tath lyede gunasav
dwoyay zan vol yi naal
Akh ākis zulā bōky tā tsāpy hyeth
gov timan naakaarah haal

Hind tā pākistan zan ikleemi kashmeeras lamaan
Roos tā amreekaa natay duniyaahakis beeras lamaan

Door tsālythuy āas tati insāaniyat ṭoonge vadaan
Kāar bwonkun nomrithuy āasūy
khwodāayat maṇḍāchhaan

Hākā vazyov aavaaz dith almastanuy phutmut yi saaz
Yethy khwodāāyiyi pyeṭh khwodaayaa
kyaa sanaa chuyi sāa tsye naaz.

From the other direction, furiously fuming, came a hefty fellow riding an unruly horse; they looked at him, realized their abject poverty, and their beauty fell in to the dust.

They were silent, took to the wall, and saluted him suppliantly as if all the wayfarers are the slaves of the rich.

Excessive fat had made his neck indistinguishable from his head; other human beings appeared to him like puny insects crawling on the dust.

Casting a contemptuous look at the rags of the maidens, he galloped forward; dead drunk in wealth he appeared flying like the wind.

A little farther off, the dandy's horse evacuated dung; the maidens saw this and their joy was boundless.

With their fists closed, they ran to reach the spot; pulling and pushing each other, they somehow reached there.

They looked like two vipers coiling around the dung; they bit each other, scratched each other's face and made their plight pitiable.

It looked like India and Pakistan pulling the land of Kashmir in different directions; or like Russia and America pulling the great globe itself from different ends.

Humanity, as if bereft of all its values, shed bitter tears there, and even godhood cast its head down in shame.

The broken harp of Almast produced a spontaneous note saying, "O God ! Is this the godhood of yours of which you are so proud?"

May 1951.

GHAZAL No. 18

Chha insaāniyat deenu eemaan sonuy
 Chha yeksaāni yat akh yi armaan sonuy
 Banemuts hakeekat chha aphaana sonuy
 Zāmeen az chhi sāanee tā asmaan sonuy

Shaheedan salaam az shaheedan salaam az
 Khāsith saarivuy khwotā chhu tuhoñduy mukaam az
 Pazi saarinuy khwotā timan ehtiraam az
 Divaan phal chhu suy khooni arzaan sonuy

Phasaadav tā beyi mushkilav mañzy tārith az
 Sadiyan hundy dwokhta beyi chwokh zārith az
 Rangaarang poshav tā mushkav bārith az
 Phōlith aamātuy chhu gulistaan sonuy

Karaan val tā tshal aay zardaar kāatyaah
 Ditikh barkare panāni naadaar kāatyaah
 Karen asi ti naacharaā pey charā kāatyaah
 Rukyov maa magar lolā toofaan sonuy

Chhu sarmaayi daaran aṭam bam mubaarakh
 Ta insāaniyataakuy chu asi gam mubaarakh
 Sitamgaaranuy khoye barham mubaarakh
 Phakat akh ahinsa chha saamaana sonuy

Garazmand kāḍytan alag tsāary tsāaree
 Nasal rangu mazhab tā sarmaayidaāree
 Gabar ākis aadmā sañdiy āsy chhi saāree
 Chhu asi boy prath kaanh insaan sonuy

Chhu prath tarphā pananuy gulistaan sambaalun
 Tā baapoojiyun dōp chhu prath saatā paālun
 Chhu asi pazrāsuy path panun paan gaalun
 Chhu vatnas yi zuvjaan kworbaan sonuy.

GAZAL

Humanitarian spirit is our religion and our faith,
Our only ambition is attainment of equality;
Our dreams have been realized now,
This earth as also the sky is ours now.

We salute and salute our martyrs,
To day they are held in highest esteem by us;
Highest shall be the homage to them today
Because it is their blood which is bearing fruit.

Chaos and disturbances are things of the past
As are the wounds and privations of centuries.
With variegated flowers and fragrances
Is our garden set abloom today.

Playing tricks and adopting ruses, many a wealthy upstarts did
For their own gains many a poor were sacrificed by them;
Willy nilly, we too had to find various remedies;
But the rolling tide of our love stopped not its course.

Let the capitalists be proud of their atom bombs,
But let us be proud of our sorrowing for humanity;
Let the tyrants be proud of their destructive capacity;
But let us be proud only of Ahinsa.

The selfish may pick and choose
According to caste, colour, creed, and wealth;
We are the children of one and the same Adam,
And all the people of the world are our brethren.

We have to abide by the teachings of Bapuji
And set right our country in every way;
Unceasingly have we to work for the triumph of truth,
And, when needed, give our lives for our land.

15 August 1971.

VUZUMALĀ

Baālā pyethy kala obruy taliye vuzumālye may khaṭh paan
Rozee saathaa tsalma vālyvāliye vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Beethy buzdil Jandā vālyvāliye sher dilnūy tsā vath haavaan
Vaāty manzilas traṭavuy tāliye vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Traave lōt lōt yim khworāphāliye vaarā vuchhnuk asi armaan
Āchhy naaṭāvuy suty asy gāliye vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Obra jin kas pariya hyeth tsāliye
Swoy chhi vādy vādy ḍoṭh haaraan
Chhakh tsalaan swoy tāly bāly ta tshāliye
vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Kyaa behan baal khoby dith hāliye
Husne barhamkiy aakh kaan
Chaani ashi gav sheen gāly gāliye
Vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Laalā roy chon jaama vwozāliye
Kaalā moyi mānzy traṭa traavaan
Naaza moody kūty draay raazā bāliye
Vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Ōbrā dyev āshkā pechāan vāliye
Krakā dith tulhay aasmaan
Khophā sūty aarā vāthy tsāly tsāliye
Vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Ōbrā gury chhiy karaan lālā lāliye
Kamchi dith chhakh pakānaavan
Shrowny shrowny daar rwonī manzāliye
Vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan

Tsā tā aasmaany bo tā paathāliye
Bekarāaree asi yeksaan
Almasthan chhi hyetsmūts māliye
Vuzumāliye may khaṭh paan.

LIGHTNING

Beyond the mountains and under the black clouds
Do not hide yourself, O Lightning!
Stay a while with us; flee not so soon.

The cowards cover themselves in rags,
But the paths of the lion-hearted are lit by you;
They brave the storms and reach the goal.

We yearn to have a thorough look at you;
Let your tiny feet tread the path gently.
Smitten are we with your wanton winking.
O Lightning! Hide not yourself.

Who is the fairy the demons of clouds have ravished?
She is shedding hail-like tears;
By hook or crook she tries to escape
From their clutches, O Lightning!

How long shall mountain tops, with caps aslant,
Stay proudly in front of the arrows of angry beauty?
Snow too, is melting down with your tears, O Lightning!

Attired in crimson with your face tulip-hued,
You hurl thunderbolts through the locks of your black hair;
Many were dead by your lalandishments
And found solace only in cremation grounds.

The cloud-demons are caught in love as if in the meshes of the morning-glory,
Raising heavens by their runt and roar,
Struck with fear, the rivulets and cascades flow down running.

Unwilling to march, the steeds of clouds are whipped by you.
And the march of the chariot is tintinnabulating
To the music of the spheres, O Lightning!

You belong to the skies, Almast is earth bound;
But both are restless alike—
he having forced it on himself—
O Lightning, you don't hide yourself.

May 1955.

GHAZAL No. 19

Yi tooruk jalvaye taabaan patā rozyaa nā rozyaa
Chhu vunkyan husnākuy ehsaan patā rozyaa nā rozyaa

Mōdur dodaa ganeemat zaan patā rozyaa nā rozyaa
Chhu vunkyan meharbaan asmaan patā rozyaa nā rozyaa

Su kyaah taam ōs pharmaavaan
bo ōsus āndāry kiny sonchaan
Chhu vunkyan rahmatuk baaraan
patā rozyaa nā rozyaa

Fidaa gatsh baalāyaaras path
ganeemat zaan maasoomiyat
Chhu vunkyan nyendri manz toofaan
patā rozyaa nā rozyaa

Ma san praanyan kathan ay dil
ma an beyi daādy vwotlaāvith
Yiman daadyan khabar chhaa ṭhaan patā
rozyaa nā rozyaa

Vasal maa khatam kari shokas
tā beyi yeth lolā armaanas
Dilas manz shoglukuy samaan patā rozyaa nā rozyaa

Chavaan chhus mast chyeshman hund
mas pananyev bwochhev chyeshmav
Chhu kawnsar vunkyanas arzaan
patā rozyaa nā rozyaa.

Chhi kāts taany zindageei hūndy doh
banaav Almastā yim rāngeen
Tulaan gatsh vyoor husnas shaan
patā rozyaa nā rozyaa.

GHAZAL

Resplendent is the vision of light of the Tur, it may or may not
last;
Obliging is beauty at the moment, it may or may not last.

Let us be content with sweet agony, it may or may not last;
The kindness of heavens is there now, it may or may not last.

My love was speaking something, I was pondering in the heart
of hearts;
At the moment there is a shower of kindness, it may or may not
last.

Sacrifice yourself on your young love and be content with her
innocence;
In deep slumber is the storm this time, it may or may may not
last.

Ponder not on things gone by, O Heart! Revive not old maladies;
The cicatrices on the wounds may or may not last.

Yearnings and zeal of love may be deadened by a union with her;
These alone amuse my heart, and may or may not last afterwards.

With my thirsty eyes I drink the wine of her wild eyes;
Bounty of Kawnsar is now here for me, it may or may not last.

O Almast! Make colourful the numbered days of your life;
Feast your eyes on the glory of beauty, it may or may not last.

July 1965.

ZOON

Rasā rasā dooly chāany pakanaavāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye
 Khasnay chaani saāny dil toshāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

Swonā buth chon yeli khōt asmāanee
 Hyeri bwonā gahā traavaāniye
 Vati vati rwopāchiy gayi arzāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

Ōbras tshaayi chhakh rwoy thaavaānee
 Kasūy chhak tambālaavāniye
 Kas yi tsoorā nazran huñz meharbāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

Butarāats āndy āndy gatā maaraānee
 Kasūy chhak patā laaraāniye
 Kasunduy daag chhak vwondi lalavāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

Zaanakh hyeñdgee nā musalmaānee
 Hish chhi chāanee meharbāaniye
 Pananuy tā parduy chhak na zanāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

Shaamā laṭi yeli chhakh pravā traavāanee
 Zan gatshaan taarakh kāaniye
 Kasrat chha kuniras nish mandā chhāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

Pachhi vaadan chhakh ambānaavāanee
 Vaneē kati chhakh aasāniye
 Kahandiy garā chhakh sholānaavāanee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

Saphran laājynakh azlay laānee
 Yekh vwoshy chhakh traavaāniye
 Sardee tā zardee chhakh haaraānee
 Asmaanūchy mahaarāaniye

MOON*

Slowly and gently is your palanquin carried,
O, Queen of the sky!
Gladdened are our hearts with your rise,
O, Queen of the sky!

When your golden orb appeared in the sky
It cast effulgence there and below here;
Silver seemed to be scattered everywhere;
O, Queen of the sky!

When you hide your face behind the clouds
Who is that whom you want to tantalize?
Who is the lucky one to be bestowed with your stealthy glances
O, Queen of the sky?

Unceasing is your dance around the globe,
Whom do you want to pursue thus?
Love for whom is fondled by you in your breast
O, Queen of the sky?

Prejudiced you are not by religious differences,
Uniform is your grace to Hindus and Musalmans;
None is a friend to you and none your foe,
O, Queen of the sky!

Stars are blinded in your presence
When you cast your light on them.
Multitudes feel ashamed in the presence of ONE
O, Queen of the sky!

For many fortnights you keep us restless with your absence.
Tell us which is the place where you hide?
Tell us which are the homes you there illuminate,
O, Queen of the sky?

Destined are you for a constant travel,
That is why you heave cold sighs;
Spreading pallour and emitting cold are you;
O, Queen of the sky!

*Moon is feminine gender in Kashmiri.

Gaṭā pachh zoonā pachh zūy rang chaānec
Yim chhi dwonvay laaphaāniye
Prath kuni thavmut azlay laānee
Asmaanūchy mahaaraāniye

A fortnight bright and a fortnight dark,
These are the two immortal aspects of yours;
Such are the aspects allotted to all by Nature,
O, Queen of the sky!

October 1954.

Kaluwaalā pyalā bar az dil chhui phwolaan sonuy
Aazaad āzi chhu gomut kaluwaalā vaan sonuy

Gul saāny chaman sonuy beyi aashiaanā sonuy
Az chhay zameen saāniy beyi aasmaan sonuy

Raatuk su shaamigam vwony rath hāarithuy khatam gav
Subhūch shafak chhu chhaavaan vwony aasmaan sonuy

Rath dith panun yemav òn azikuy ye doh mubarak
Kworbaan timan shaheedan khooneravaan sonuy

Jodoo khatam sapunmut chhuy goliraahunūy huñd
Draamut chhu gamaki sahāraa manzā karvaan sonuy

Ay aasmaan beyi aki phiri vuchh tsū shaan saānee
Mwoklyov vakt karithūy vwony imtihaan soonuy

Bedaar nyendri yem kāry tshāry jaam saāny yem bāry
Lāsytan tu pooshtan asi peeremugaan sonuy.

GHAZAL

Fill the cups, O Saqi! Our hearts are blooming;
This day it was that our tavern became free.

The flowers are ours; the garden and the nest are ours;
Today ours is this earth, and also the sky.

The sad dusk of yesterday has ended after blood-shed;
Now our sky is enjoying the glow of a new dawn.

The blood coursing in our veins be sacrificed on those martyrs,
Who ushered in for us this happy day through their martyrdom.

The charm of the waylaying ghosts is gone now from our path;
Our caravan has already crossed the desert of sorrow.

O Heavens! Look once again at our glory;
Time is over now for our tests and trials.

The one who roused us from slumber, and filled our empty cups
May that Pir-i-Mughan live and last long.

15th August 1960.

VAN RAĀNY

Nearee soñth hāy aav van raāniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye
Noonā poshan chhu baav nundu baāniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

Baalā maali pyeth zooni hamsaayi chhakh tsūy
Kam tsā kyaah chhakh tāsy hampaayi chhakh tsūy
Swo ti asmaāny tsā ti asmaāniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

Kyaah tsā shoobaan chhakh mañz poshā ḍalanūy
Devādaarav tāly mañz baag palnūy
Deshavaninūy chhu dil kreshāaniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

Kus vavaan yim poshi ḍal kus chhu khaaraan
Chaa khasaan yim gumānūy yim chhakh tsā haaraan
Natā javāanee maa chhanaan chāaniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

Kaala ḍbras mañz zan zoon zotaan
Ath kryehni zachi mañz kyaah chhakh shoobaan
Chhay yi netrūch swoy zāt praāniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

Pyokh partav chaani nundā baani athākuy
Tōr tāaser poshan chaani athākuy
Adā chhi bemaar bālā raavaāniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

Yoot jyekhy jyekhy vantā kyaah chhuy laaraan
Noonā ratsā kyen yemikuy chhuy tse armaan
Khooni aadmūch chhai yeti arzāaniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

Chhay tse akh āchh door myetsi koṭhas kun
Aād y zaamut chheerā kan chhuy tas kun
Kami kami rangā chhay pareshaāniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

QUEEN OF THE WOODS

O Queen of the woods! Come out now that spring is here;
Collect lapfuls of violet flowers, O Gujar Woman;
Nunposh are getting costlier and costlier, O beautiful one.

Living on the mountain-tops, you are the Moon's neighbour.
Not less lovely are you than the moon whose rival you are.
Both of you are perched on skyey heights.
Come forth and collect the violet flowers.

How bewitching you are in the midst of flower beds?
How lovely you look under cedars and among boulders?
Ravished are the hearts of the beholders.

Who plants and who tends these flower beds?
Are these watered by your perspiration?
Or, are these flowers the fallings-off of your youth?

In your black rags you look like the
Shimmering moon surrounded by dark clouds.
These rags were once your trousseau and these still cling to you.

It is the healing touch of your lovely hands,
Which has been transferred to these flowers;
That is why they serve as medicine to the ailing.

What does your unremitting toil yield to you?
Just a handful of salt for which you pine.
How cheap has become the blood of human beings?

Your eyes are fixed on your far mud-hovel;
Your ears are glued to the mooing of the new-born lamb.
How variegated are your worries?

Chhakh thākith yeli zan kambar syezāraavaan
Bwon bāstee kun nazraah traavaan
Boṅglā kyaah khor noonā poshā vaāniye
Kar gunzfchan kraav gujraāniye

Yeti zangāraady chhiy nam tsam gaalaan
Zyeva raady chhikh kārynee pyeṭha ḡaalaan
Zyev gilvith phyetsānaavaāniye
Kar gunafchan kraav gujraāniye

**Weary with toil when you straighten your back,
Down below you cast a glance at the habitation;
What a mansion the violet-merchant has built!**

**Here the toilers work hard and wear themselves for nothing,
While those who deal in mere words, boss over them
And snatch their earnings through verbal trickeries.**

June 1956.

GHAZAL

Barā bukā aayas yitā kuni tshalā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay
 Yinā darshanā kuy shar hyeth galā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay

Sheenā māany dāany dāany kali zan galā mati
 Aākhar sādras manz myāany jaay
 Tsāti kōt tsalāham boti kōt tsalā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay

Baḍi dalā chhukāha kinā chhuk telbalā mati
 Kati traāvūth zulphūchy bislaay
 Marā mati tshaarātho kami yaarbalā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay

Door zan tsalā mati soor zan malā mati
 Tsey rōs beyi kāmrysūnz chham raay
 Beyi kati ralā mati beyi kati bajā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay.

Band bo gāamats chhas vuzūmalā mati
 Mandāchhaan rovim yaavan raay
 Kithā nera hyahāki obray talā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay

Ashi sūty lavahāts chhas masval mati
 Aḍa phōjy peyi gamā ōbrāchy tshaay
 Ravā chaani darshanā rōs kati phwolā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay.

Husnā āandy aayam āshkā yaarbalā mati
 Gilvaan nyunus kyaah chhu myon paay
 Almast vati vati kōḍnas dalā mati
 Vwolā mati karāyo lwolā matā laay.

GHAZAL

My love, I am at the bursting point; do come now, by hook or crook. Come that I may caress and fondle You, lest I should die with the longing to see you lodged within my heart.

Pining for you though I may melt drop by drop like a glacier, yet my permanent abode shall be the ocean. You cannot flee from me nor shall I be able to run away from you. Come now, my love, let me fondle and caress you.

Where have you cast the snare of your tresses?
Is it in the Dal or Telbal? My love, which are those river banks where I shall be able to find you?
Come now, my love, let me fondle and caress you.

I may flee far or besmear my body with ashes,
yet I have no hope save in you. I shall not find comfort in any other company, nor be cured anywhere.
Come now, let me fondle and caress you, my love.

My youth is wasted in bashful confinement;
I am like the lightning encased in clouds.
How shall I tear asunder the confines of clouds?
Come now, let me fondle and caress you, my love.

With tearful eyes I am just like a dew filled white rose.
Half abloom was I when the clouds of sorrows cast their shadows on me. O My Sun! How shall I bloom without your nourishing rays? Come now, let me fondle and caress you, my love.

From the bank of Love's river I was highjacked
by the gale of Beauty and made helpless.
Almost felt crest—fallen on all paths and thoroughfares.
Come now, let me fondle and caress you, my love.

December 1959.

SON VATAN

Vúchhy vúchhy chaman panáanuy
chhus bo matan vanay kyaah
Ranbavun tá nundābonuy
sonuy vatan vanay kyaah

Hindostaanachiy vāar zagtas chhi
darshanāch dāar
Pādy yaarāsúndy vuchhit yeti
aashak matan vanay kyaah

Pyaalaah chhu manz yi baalan
bōr paaná kalāvaalan
Mas chyeth amyuk chhu prath kaanh
maykash chhivan vanay kyaah

Cheshman kitsūy ziyaafat
yi chhe aalāmūch ziyaarat
Kwodrat chhi thāavmūts yeti
nāny kwodratan vanay kyaah

Kati taany dapaan chhu janat
asi nish tamich hákeekat
Lalā naavunuy chhu hāsrat
suy firishtan vanay kyaah

Vuchhtan vwolur ta beyi ḍal
yim aānā kyaah chhi nyermal
Aftaab zoon āthymanz chhiy buth
vuchhan vanay kyaah

Yim kohasaar sāaniy
yim yaarigaar sāaniy
Asmaan meethy dini ath
chhuy bwon naman vanay kyaah

Yim margazaar vuchh vuchh
yim kwolā tā aarā vuchh vuchh
Yetikiy nazaarā vuchh vuchh
dil tambalan vanay kyaah

OUR MOTHERLAND

I simply become mad with joy when I
look at my beautiful motherland; beyond
description is its beauty and attractiveness.

The garden of India is it, and a window
for the world through which the lovers
of nature can look at the footprints of
their beloved.

A bowl surrounded by the mountains, it is
filled by the Great Saqi himself.
All lovers of drink are filled with
indescribable joy when they have a sip
from it.

It is a feast for the eyes as well as
a place of pilgrimage for the world. Nature
reveals herself in all her nakedness here.

Heaven, it is said, exists somewhere.
But we have it in reality with us.
Angels have indescribable jealousy on
this score.

Look at the Dal and Wullar lakes—
the clear mirrors in which the sun and
the moon see the reflections of their
faces.

Our everlasting friends are these mountains of ours.
Even the sky bows in obeisance to kiss them.

When we look at our meadows, our rivers,
our cataracts, at all the scenery around
us, our hearts are thrilled with joy
indescribable.

Yi chhea vâar masvalan hūnz
hiyi hūnz yembârzalan hūnz
Nakhâ yith yiman chhu vuchhnuk
shar taarakañ vanay kyaah

Āsy chhiy khyevaan amyuk an
amichiy bârith chhi han han
Gôb kyaah chhu aalāvun asi
ath jaanutan vanay kyaah

Beyi yuth na braadi dushman
vwoth moth hyu tāmīs ban
Yuth zan na saani vatnuk
beyi naav hyen vanay kyaah

Almast vatnakuy môt
husnan pheruv yi kôt kôt
Kworbaan paan kôrnay
amichan vatan vanay kyaah.

It is the garden of white rose,
tulip and narcissus like faces. Beyond
description is the yearning of the stars to
approach near these beautiful ones.

Each part of our body is saturated with
the food which our country produces. It is not
something great if we sacrifice our bodies
and souls for her.

O My Motherland! Assume the form of Death
for any person having aggressive designs
against you. None should ever entertain any
evil designs against us.

Almast is fond of his motherland and the
quest for beauty took him to many places.
On her paths he sacrificed himself.

March 1965.

Nazar milnaavanuk tas yaarā sūy sūty gōtsh mye taab aasun
 Bo lōt pāaṭhy buṭh vuchhith yimahas
 su gōtsh pōz mahvi khwaab aasun

Yetshaan husnas vuchhun sāaree
 gōtshukh pōz behijaab aasun
 My vuchhmut pardā mānzy broṇṭhūy
 Mye goṭshā tyuet aabutaab aasun

Kayaamāts praarānuk mazloomanuy
 gōtshā vūni ti taab aasun
 Pagaah kus aav yeth vuchhtūy
 chhu lāazim āz hisaab aasun

Bajar gav bōḍ bānith gatshihe
 na kāantshaa mahvi khwaab aasun
 Syeṭhaah mushkil gatshaan patā chhuy
 āchhan manz kāansi aab aasun

Patshūy kati aayi Almastas mye kun
 yeli robaroo vuchh tāmy
 Mye kāatsaah tsumchi hyetsā paanas
 dōpum yiti gōtsh nā khwaab aasun

GHAZAL No. 22

I wish I had the nerve to look at her eyes straight;
Stealthily I would look at her face, if she were but asleep.

Each one desires to look at beauty, but if it is unveiled;
Already have I seen it through the veil, impatient as I was.

We are the oppressed, should we wait for the Judgement Day?
Who knows what tomorrow brings, let us settle the account
today.

Greatness is real if it turns not a man's head;
Once achieved, it is difficult to continue with humility.

Almost believed it not, when she looked straight at him,
He pinched and pinched his body, lest it too should be a dream.

August 1955.

VUN MYON YAA

Yaavun dyutnam tá dyutnam ná chhavun
Yaavun dyutnam raavun kyuth

Yaavun osumá kiná os shraavun
Sheenas zan mye vyeglaavun kyuth
Kyaah osum yithi yaavanā praavun
Yaavun osum tá raavun kyuth

Yaavun myon os gará baar traavun
Beran tá bachhnüy chhavun kyuth
Yaavun myon os zan háajy baavun
Yaavun myon os haavun kyuth

Kalá mé osum kaninuy chhaavun
Dil myon os hāndraavun kyuth
Paan myon os vati vati shignaavun
Yaavun myon os raavun kyuth.

MY YOUTH

I was blessed with youth, but not destined
to enjoy it; I got it only to waste it away.

Was it my youth or was it the hot summer
only to melt me like snow? What had I
to gain from such a youth, which was
there only to be lost away?

My youth was merely a summons to leave
my hearth and home and to waste it on the
uneven paths. It was just a distant flash of
lightning, a mere show.

My head was meant only to be struck
against stones, and my heart
only to be glaciated; my body
was there only to excite notoriety and
my youth only to be lost.

May 1935.

GHAZAL No. 23

Yi kyaah tshal kôr mye husnan cháany
 Bo chhus kal cháany lalánaavaan
 Thurus áthy kyut bo azlay lánny
 Bo chhus kal cháany lalánaavaan.

Khabar chamâ kyaah chhi kath ath manz
 Khabar kwosâ mâslahat ath manz
 Dilan huñdy máalikan kyaah zâany
 Bo chhus kal cháany lalâ naavaan.

Tsâ chhak kwol naaz karvûny zan
 Bo chhus bôth tan divaan naazan
 Galaan ratsh ratsh tâ beyi daány daány
 Bo chhus kal cháany lalâ naavaan

Mye vôvmut aashi hund chhum byol
 Mye dyutmut husnâ baagas zol
 Tshûnith náaly lolâchhiy alâbâany
 Bo chhus kal cháany lalánaavan

Bo pyomut chhus tsé nish yéts door
 Magar panánuy yekeen chhum poor
 Bo aakhâr chon tsâ aakhâr myáany
 Bo chhus kal cháany lalánaavaan.

Tsé zan mâshrovthan Almast
 Bo roodus aadanaki srêhâ mast
 Syeṭhaa chham yaad cháanee práany
 Bo chhus kal cháany lalánaavaan.

GHAZAL No. 23

What trick was played by your beauty on me
that I am to nurse longing for you; from
the beginning destiny moulded me for the
purpose and I continue to nurse longing for you.

I do not know what secret it holds and
what aim it conceals; the ruler of hearts
may know why I nurse such longing.

You are like a stream flowing flirtatiously
and I am the bank facing your flirtations;
melting piece by piece and bit by bit, I nurse
longing for you.

I have sown the seeds of hope and tended
the garden of beauty; with the yoke of love
around my neck, I nurse longing for you.

Even though I am far away from you,
yet my trust in you is unshaken; you are
mine, after all, and I am yours. I nurse
longing for you.

You may have forgotten Almast, but
he remains intoxicated with the initial
draught. Very old is the remembrance
of yours which his heart nurses.

February, 1953.

ÓBRAS KUN

Dilas manz tséti khaṭith chhuy naar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro
Karaan tséti vaav samyuk laar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro

Sangarmaalan tá baalan süty tséy khwoy
Thadyan Thadinüy khayaalan süty méy khwoy
Yivaan kati asi chu pástiyi vaar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro

Tsá chhukh belos páaṭhy baaraaná traavaan
Bo chhus yeti hyas yinuk mas báagraavaan
Tsá phólaavaan chhukh gulzaar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro

Tsá dunyaah vaalinüy nishi chhukh bihaan door
Tsé maa chhiy myáany páaṭhy yim nyaay manzoor
Tsá shehlaavaan zameenuk naar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro

Hayaatuk sag tsá sádray pyeṭhá anaan chhukh
Su chhakráavith tsá sádras beyi vasaan chhukh
Tsé kati kuni behnasüy chhuy vaar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro.

Tsé begarziyi bakhsháavuy bulandee
Kharaan tséti myáany páaṭhy devaar bándée
Tshúnaan chhukh loohrithüy devaar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro

Karaan chhukh paan kworbaan vwopranüy path
Panun sarmaayi chhaavaan vwopranüy path
Yuthuy héchhinaav méti cesaar öbro
Tsá chhukh ami paasá myonuy yaar öbro

Magar akh kath tsá chhukh gaashas karaan röt
Bo traavaan gaash tati yetinas chhu anigöt
Chhu Almastas atieth inkaar öbro
Bo atinas chhus ná chonuy yaar öbro.

TO THE CLOUD

O Cloud ! Concealed in your heart, too, is fire,
In this respect a friend of mine are you;
You too are driven by the winds of Time, O Cloud;
In this respect also, you are my friend.

You love to romp over hill-tops and mountains,
And I love to dwell in the uplands of thought;
In the low lands both of us feel uncomfortable, O Cloud!
And therefore we are friends.

Caring naught for rewards, you drop the gentle rains,
And here I distribute the wine of awareness;
You set ablossom the orchards and gardens, O Cloud!
And in this way too you are my friend.

You sit aloof from the people of the world,
And like me are loath to be involved in its affairs;
You quench the fires of earth, O Cloud!
And in this way you are my friend.

You bring from the ocean the elixir of life,
You scatter it here and plunge yourself again into the ocean.
Denied is to you the luxury of rest, O Cloud!
In this respect you are my friend.

Selflessness blessed you with a status exalted;
Confinement within walls you hate like me;
Such walls are demolished by you, O Cloud!
In this way you are my friend.

You sacrifice yourself for others,
You shower your wealth on them.
Teach me such selflessness, O Cloud!
Because we are each other's friends.

But one thing—you screen the light from us;
While I spread light where there is darkness;
It is here that Almost differs from you, O Cloud!
And there alone he is not your friend,

October 1955.

GHAZAL No. 24

Gilvith nyuv husnúky toofaan
Dil chhuná vwony kyenh maanan kará kyaah
Kará kyaah yemi dilákyan marvaanan
Dil chhuná vwony kyenh maanan kará kyaah

Gátshy gatschy vwony mangá kyaah astaan
Khásy khásy vwony asmaanan kará kyaah
Növ rang röt práaniy eemaanan
Dil chhuná vwony kyenh maanan kará kyaah

Kará kyaah bo lagáháa ná ehsaanan
Nazran hundinuy kaanan kará kyaah
Vaná kyaah yemi dilá kyan armaanan
Dil chhuná vwony kyenh maanan kará kyaah

Aná háa ná zaah eemaan asmaanan
Namá nuy pyom formaanan kará kyaah
Kus tshal kór husnúky sulnaan
Dil chhuná vwony kyenh maanan kará kyaah

Khasihey mwol ashikyen durdaanan
Jaraháa tas daamaanan kará kyaah
Kará kyaah duniyaahúkyan zolaanan
Dil chhuná vwony kyenh maanan kará kyaah

Dimá kyaah phyur praanyan afsaanan
Khány khány kabristaan kará kyaah
Almasto thaany thavoo baanan
Dil chhuná vwony kyenh maanan kará kyaah.

Highjacked was my heart by the whirlwind of Beauty.
It listens to me not, what to do ?
What shall I do with its obstinacy ?
It listens to me not, what shall I do ?

Why should I go to the shrines and what should I ask for ?
Ascending the skies, what should I do ?
New is the hue taken by old faith.
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

Unaccustomed am I to beg for obligations,
But how shall I deny the shafts of her glances ?
And how shall I compromise my yearnings ?
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

I would hurl defiance even at the skies,
But now I have to bow before her wishes.
What tricks were played by the beauty queen !
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

The pearls of my tears would gain in value
If her skirt were studded with them;
But the shackles of the world are there.
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

Why to recollect old episodes;
What use disinterring the dead from the graves ?
O Almast ! Keep the pots lidded on.
My heart listens to me not, what shall I do ?

June 1956.

Athas thaph kārith bachāsūy draayi mojaah
Kwochhe tulanūch bachas āsās nā hyekathaah

Pakaan kyaah āas lithnaavaan tamisūy
Vate vati haari tsari haavaan tamisūy

Bwochhe sūty os tamisūy gyoor aamut
Bachai zaamut tamis zan tsoor tsaamut

Langaan lithavaan vāaty yeli baazaras kun
Vuchhith khyanā baav shury hyot ḍaanb traavun

Pōtus yeli vāaty kaandar vaanysūy tal
Bachan trov daanb patā boozun nā kaañh tshal

Chandāh chhāny maaji zan vātsh jigrasūy shraakh
Su baazar os natā tshaṭi he tātiy baakh

Tuluy tami bachi phuchematsaūy naryev thōd
Dilas logun tā zan poorun diluk zōd

Dopun tas pakh hutyeth nōv vaan haavay
Tāteenas yeḍ bārith bo tswochi tsē daavay

Dilan myāany lāayinas krakh tshyenimate kiny
Musāafirā navih tsā pakh syōd syōd vate kiny

Lwokuṭ chhukh daalānay nov vaan hāavith
Gatshakh bōḍ ṭaalānay asmaan hāavith

Chhu azlay dokhā khyon aamut gareeban
yithay kāny yeti chhi ṭaalaan badnaseeban

ILLUSION

A mother came out, holding her child by her hand,
Strength she lacked to hold it in her lap.

Halting were her steps and she almost dragged the child,
And beguiled the child by pointing to lovely birds.

Hunger made her reel and stagger,
The birth of her child was like she had been robbed.

Limping and dragging the feet when they reached the market,
Looking at tempting eatables, the child feigned obstinacy.

At last as they reached a baker's shop,
The child's obstinacy grew—ruses and tricks failed to coax it.

The empty-pocketed mother felt a dagger pierce her heart,
She would have wept bitterly if it were not a market place.

With debilitated arms she lifted the child,
She held it against her heart as if to fill the wound.

Said she to the child, "Come, there I shall show you a new shop,
I shall buy you a bellyful of loaves there."

My wounded heart accosted the child,
"O fresh sojourner! tread the path straight.

Child you are, they beguile you pointing to new shops;
When you grow older, they shall divert your attention
pointing to the skies.

The poor are born to be deceived
And the wretched are beguiled thus."

July 1953.

Swo yiyihe son thavi laadan
 Bo dimahāas meethy dwon paadan
 Karyaa kyaah zaah vwofaa vaadan
 Bo dimāhāas meethy dwon paadan

Thavaan chhus vaavā graayan kan
 Tā beyi kwolā gāngāraayan kan
 Bo kan dāarith chhusas naadan
 Bo dimāhāas meethy dwon paadan

Chhalas ashi sūty bo khwor vādy vādy
 Vanas gāamūty mye chhim kam zādy
 Swo thavihe kan mye fāryaadan
 Bo dimāhāas meethy dwon paadan

Gatshaan chhim poshā graayan brāanty
 Gatshaan chhim boni tshaayan brāatny
 Vuchhan bāthy bāthy bo kwolā raadan
 Bo dimāhāas meethy down paadan

Mye osum vuni ti kyenh yaavun
 Tāmis haavun tā beyi chhaavun
 Swo yiyihe vuni ti chhus aadan
 Bo dimāhāas meethy dwon paadan

Chhā Almastas ganemūts kal
 Syethaah gom tseer yiyi naa jal
 Chhunaa tothan syedyan saadan
 Bo dimāhāas meethy dwon paadan

Would she but deign to come,
And I would kiss her feet.
Would she but make good her word,
And I would kiss her feet!

I am all ears for the rustle of the winds
And the flow of the resounding waters,
Earnest am I to listen to her words,
And I would kiss her feet.

I shall weep and in tears wash her feet,
I shall narrate the tale of my woes;
Would she but listen to my protestations,
I would kiss her feet.

I feel she is there where winds kiss the flowers;
I feel she is there under the shade of the chinars;
I look on the banks of the crystal streams.
O, When shall I kiss her feet?

Youth is still my dower from Nature
To show to her and shower it on her.
Time is still on our side, tell her to come;
And I would kiss her feet.

Almast's longing has deepened much;
Very late is it, would'nt she come soon?
Don't the innocent and guileless receive her grace?
I shall certainly kiss her feet.

November 1940.

Mas khāasy hyeṭh bombrani kale
 Yembārzale loosùm mè kâar
 Yiyi nāa tā chyinaa gali gale
 Yembār zale loosùm mè kâar

Vati vati mè vuchh chāanee kadam
 Tath chaani kunyruk chhum kasam
 Kari kyah yi dil nai tambale
 Yembārzale loosùm mè kâar

Kan kadmanūy daaraan chhas
 Kathā bos hyeṭh praaraan chhas
 Kar bos myonuy phāanphale
 Yembārzale loosùm mè kâar

Durdaanā ashkiy sobrimas
 Naalas jarūny āasim mye tas
 Yim gāam tas rōs phali phale
 Yembārzale loosùm mè kâar

Haavas mè chwokh lāgmūty chhi kam
 Baavas bo tanākee gosā gam
 Tas bronthā kani zyeṭ maa kale
 Yembārzale loosùm mè kâar

Dilāsūy andar chhas vāny divaan
 Labanaa bo kuni tām̄ysund nishaan
 Gatshāhāa bo tāthy kun gaangale
 Yembārzale loosùm mè kâar.

Almastā vad vad khoob vad
 Dyeṭā kyen̄h lwotee dil dāady lad
 Natā dod yas tas kōt bale
 Yembārzale loosùm mè kâar.

With cups of wine am I, the narcissus,
waiting for my love, my neck drooping with
weariness. Would he come and sip the wine ?

On all paths I saw your foot prints, and I swear by you,
the one without a parallel. What shall then my heart
do if not become impatient, waiting, with my neck
drooping with weariness ?

I lend my ears to the sound of your steps and
wait for you with a heart full of words struggling to have a
vent. When shall this heart of mine receive fruition ?

I gathered the pearls of my tears to stud his
collar with them; without getting his company these
pearls were scattered.

I shall exhibit to him the wounds I have suffered
and give vent to my pent-up grievances; but I fear
I may become dumb in his presence.

I fumble within my heart to locate any trace of him.
If I could find one, I could hope to beguile my
loneliness and keep my heart busy.

O Almast ! Weep, weep and weep bitterly; may be
the love-sick heart is relieved a little. What hope,
otherwise, is for one like you ?

March, 1954.

Laagā ponpur tshaandan vanay
 Poshā path poshā panā path panay
 Vāny bo dimas heri tay bwnay
 Poshā path poshā panā path panay

Öbrā gurnūy khāsith tshaaran
 Sangar maalav heri gaaran
 Naavā sāalaah karā mahpaaran
 Pay bo tām̄sund kaḍithūy anay

Vuchhtā kam tshraṭh dūny mé hoore
 Moj vuchhnam doore doore
 Taarākan mañz roozith tsoore
 Chhum mye achhnaaṭan gindanay

Nāari dāz nanāvāar chhas laaraan
 Kuni vadaan kuni chhas praaraan
 Kuni gyevaan kuni ōsh haaraan
 Zan tā lōgm̄ut chhum lolā sanay

Goshanūy pyeṭh natsaan baasyom
 Poshanūy mañz asaan baasyom
 Zan vwondas mañz atsaan baasyom
 Zan tā vwondā aam mutsaraavanay

Vuchhi mye vati vati husnāni zātsay
 Toti rozam āchhy treshā hatsay
 Yee na dyooṭhuk tath path matsay
 Kreshā vani chham tee deshanay

Zan bo kastaany sund yun yetshaan
 Natā su āndy vuzun yetshaan
 Zan bo kot taany vaatun yetshaan
 Zan bo kati taam gomut tshenay.

GHAZAL No. 27

I shall be a butterfly and go in search of him
In the woods, from flower to flower, leaf to leaf;
I shall search for him above and down below
And from flower to flower and leaf to leaf.

I shall mount the steeds of clouds
And search for him on mountain tops;
I shall have a ride in the crescent's boat
And certainly find his clue.

I am a houri fretting impatiently for him;
But he enjoys the sight of my agony from afar.
Hiding himself in the cluster of stars.
He winks at me in a mood to tease.

As if scorched by fire, barefoot I run;
Sometimes I wait and run sometimes;
Sometimes I sing and weep sometimes;
Caught in the throes of love am I.

He appeared to me dancing in places distant,
Sometimes in the roses smiling he appeared;
Sometimes he appeared entering into my heart
Making it bloom smilingly.

Sparks of Beauty I saw everywhere,
And yet my eyes remained athirst,
To see that which by them is still unseen
And for which these continue to seek.

I seem to want the arrival of someone,
Or manifestation of him from within me;
I seem to want to reach somewhere
Wherefrom I have been dislodged.

April 1953.

GHAZAL No. 28

Mé gomut chaani baapat hol
 Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy
 Sadaa bozum mā dim kanā ḍol
 Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy

Bo myavā hyeth posh hyeth beyi lol
 Pyomut oory rabi andar chhūs byol
 Tse praaraan kar yiyam ryetā kol
 Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy

Bo kotaah kaal vuni praaray
 Bo kōt taam khoonidil haaray
 Me sabras draav vwony devol
 Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy

Bo hōkhymūty ḍoory sagnavakh
 Mé hāndris taaf yōd haavakh
 Tse ravā praaraan chhusay yētskol
 Vwolo vwony lol aam choonuy.

Me kady taarakh gānzrithuy dam
 Obranūy tim ti vwony khāṭynam
 Vuchhive asmaāny yiti maa tsol
 Vwolo vwony lol aam chonuy.

Me ṭhookrāvūy chhā anymūts vath
 Bo ṭhookrā khyeth ti maa hyemā path
 Chhu ṭhookarā baali haavaan gol
 Vwolo Vwoyn lol aam chonuy

GHAZAL No. 28

Distraught am I for you,
Come now, I pine for you.
Listen, pay not a deaf ear to me,
Come now, I pine for you.

Loaded with fruit, blossom and love
Am I like a seed thrown in the mud.
Come, my summer, I wait for you;
Come now, I pine for you.

How long shall I wait for you yet?
And how long shall I go on shedding tears of blood?
My patience is turning bankrupt now.
Come now, I pine for you.

I shall water the draught-hit beds
If you but shine on my frozen being
O sun, waiting am I for so long.
Come now, I pine for you.

Life's moments I breathed by counting the stars;
Even those have now been concealed by the clouds;
Look! Heaven could not suffer even this diversion of mine;
Come now, I pine for you.

Kicks of this world have shown me the path;
I welcome these kicks and shall not flinch;
It is kicks which carry the ball to the goal;
Come now, I pine for you.

August 1958.

QATAAT

Zammenuk beswomyer vuchhitây mē gav zòd
 Dòpum karâ graavâ tsey khonkhun tulum thòd
 Vuchhim tati taarâkan swoy bâash gâamuts
 Mye khonkhun vol jal byoothus bo beyi syòd

Thyekith zan goor draav az khaanâ kâabas
 Gwonaah bakhshaavane mâly hyeni savaabas
 Vasyaa nakhâ aab tatinas dwodâ badal kyen
 Dwodûky dyaar tati dwodas aabûky chhi aabaas

Tsâjchhakh vyâsy tsoonthy kuj zar daaranûy yaar
 Kûnun dyaaran chhu chon mädrrer tâ vwozâjaar
 Bo chhas vyesy boony paanas manz râthith naar
 Nyedyaryan thâkimatyan kyut myon shehjaar.

Hakulynaasas akhaa maaraan vuchhum tshoh
 Kârûy yemy bandâgee tapânovthan toh
 Tse kun vwônmay hisaab hyenâ vaali hyesâ roz
 Tsâ kyaah buth dikh bandan nish mahsharuk doh

Hyechhun pazi boni nish belos eesaar
 Râthith taapas chhi asi trâvaan shehjaar
 Vandas chhay paaña rozaan nâny tâ nangay
 Tâ asi bakhshaan panâ vâthran huûduy naar.

Prâtshoyom bulbulas kas vâny divaan chhukh bâstiyân andar
 Tsâlee gul daag thâavith toti kyaah chhukh mâstiyân andar
 Dopum tâmy torâ bekâlâ shâayiro zonuth nâ az taam
 Gwolaab byehtar phwolaan yeth vandâsûy manz chhiy garan
andar.

Chhu kaanchhaan raatâ kreel zaah gôtsh nâ yun gaash
 Amis vaabastâ chhay gañi sûty panâny aash
 Khabar kath trwoyi shrapee bechaara âakhâr
 Pagaah yeli zan pazyuk rav traavi praagaash.

STRAY THOUGHTS

My heart suffered a deep wound when I saw inequality in the world;

To make a grievance of it I lifted my sullen face to you;
Finding the stars in the same plight there
I lowered my head and sat compromised.

With great pride the milkseller went towards the kaaba
To get his sins forgiven and to purchase a good deed.
Shall water ever pass for milk there?
Milk shall be paid for as milk and water as water.

Friend, you are an apple tree, a friend to the rich
Your sweetness and blush can be sold for money;
I am the chinara holding fire within my breast
To the indigent and the weary ones I provide shade.

A corrupt fellow I saw flaunting his pride high;
One who bowed before you was condemned to poverty eternal.
I warn you, O Great Judge, be heedful;
What face shall you show to your devotees on the judgement day?

Selflessness one should learn from the chinara,
Baring itself to hot sun, it affords cool shade to us;
It remains unclad and naked through winter, but provides us
with the fire of its leaves.

I asked the bulbul, "Whom do you seek in these habitations?
The roses proved faithless to you and yet you feel ecstatic".
It said in reply, "O foolish poet, you haven't yet realised.
It is in winter, that inside the houses beauties blush richer than roses."

The bat yearns for the failure of the dawn:
Its hopes are associated with darkness alone.
God knows in which crevice it shall be confined.
Tomorrow when the sun of truth casts its radiance.

Me bas tohiy vochnukuy hasrath nazaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa.
 Gatshaan chham tuhundi baapath dath bahaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa.

Bihith tal boniy shehjaaras me kotah lol
 bor yaaras.
 Khabar chhavā miyaani lolāch kath chinaarev
 patā me tshāandīve naa.

Dohoi tuly me tuhund tasvir ti chhum
 kwaaban hunduy tābir.
 Me gath karmuts tohi path kohsaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa.

Chhu tamnaa tuhundi aksuk me tā hāsratt
 tamiki raksuk me.
 Mataan chhus lānki pyeth tohi path sitaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa.

Bo praariyos aarā palā nai pyeth ditim vony
 yara balā nai pyeth.
 Vuchhaan rudus tohānz vath aabshaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa.

Divaan dulāgany bo margan pyeth chhivaan
 chhus poshi bargan pyeth.
 Tsalan chhum lol hath hath poshi zaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa.

Vuchhum boozum bihith khaamosh
 me tuhunduy rang tai bolbosh.
 Tsalaan miyon hosh chhivā hyeth jaanvaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa.

Me tan dyets husnā tufaanān ta dil dyut teeri
 mijganān.
 Yāhai chham wombri hunz arzath nigaarav
 patā me tshāandīve naa,

I only long to have a glimpse of you
 O beautiful sights, you will miss me when I am gone.
 My heart aches for you
 O beauties of spring, you will pine for me when I am no more.

Sitting in the shades of chinars,
 how I adored my sweet heart
 You know the tale of my love
 O chinars, you will crave for me when I am gone.

Day after day have I painted your pictures
 in fond fulfilment of my dreams,
 I hovered over your heights
 O mountains, you will yearn for me after I am gone.

I crave for your reflections
 and hanker after their dances,
 I am crazy about you on the golden island,
 O stars, you will ask for me when it is too late.

I lingered on the boulders
 and hunted for you on the river banks,
 I kept an eye on your flow
 O cascades, you will yearn for me when I am gone.

I roll over on meadows
 and become delirious over flower petals,
 I feel saturated with love
 O flower-beds, you will crave for me when I am no more.

Sitting quietly I saw and heard
 your colours and warble,
 You deprive me of my senses
 O birds, you will know my worth after I am gone.

I faced the whirlwinds of beauty
 and lost my heart to the shafts of your eye-lashes,
 This is my life-long asset
 O beautiful ones, you will know my love after I am no more.

Me preth kuni zulmā gatakaaras baraabar
nari ditsum naaras.
Gatshive hushyaar kāriv harkath beechaarav
patā me tshāandive naa.

Bo osus aadanai almast ta thovhas
garazmandov past.
Vuchhive ma chhus magar path hoshyaarav
patā me tshāandive naa.

I raised my voice against
all brutality and despotism,
Arise and stir yourselves,
O oppressed ones, you will know my value after I am no more.

I have been born in selfless ecstasy
but the selfish laid me low,
Behold, I don't lag behind,
O enlightened ones, you will acknowledge this after I am no more.

November, 1977.

GLOSSARY

- Achhabal* A small town about ten kilometers from Anantnag, famous for its springs and gushing waters.
- Ahinsa* The doctrine of non-violence.
- Apsaras* Beautiful damsels adorning and dancing in the Court of Lord Indira.
- Baala Yepaari* This side of the mountain Pirpanchal *i.e.* Kashmir valley.
- Baala Apaari* Other side of the mountain Pirpanchal *i.e.* the rest of the country.
- Baraat* Baraat is the collective name of the group of people accompanying a bridegroom to his would-be father-in-law's house for solemnising the marriage.
- Bulbul* A small bird reputed in Persian and Urdu, and therefore, in Kashmiri poetry to be the lover of flowers figuratively, a lover.
- Dal* Dal is the name of a famous lake on the environs of the city of Srinagar.
- Darshan daar* Literally, a window through which one can have a look at the object of veneration and worship.
- Durga/Mahakali* These are the manifestations of female divinity.
- Harmukh* Name of a famous mountain in the valley of Kashmir. It is a place of pilgrimage for the Hindus.
- Henna* A bushy evergreen shrub whose sheets and leaves are used as a dye for the body. Gene-

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rally its paste is applied to hands and feet of brides and grooms at the time of marriage. In Kashmiri it is called *māanz*. A day or so before a marriage is solemnized, a complete night is devoted to observance of this custom and the night is called *Māanziraat* (Night of the Henna). It is an occasion of great festivity.

Jaltarang

A number of cups are placed before a musician. Different quantities of water are kept in these cups, which, when struck gently with small light-weight sticks, produce different musical notes.

Kaaba

The sacred house in Mecca in direction of which Muslims turn in prayer.

Kashyap

The name of a Rishi who made Kashmir his abode after the waters of the lake called *Satisar* subsided, thus forming the vale of Kashmir. The name Kashmir is associated with Kashyap.

Kawnsar

Kawnsar and Tasneem are two reputed streams flowing through heaven.

Lal Ded

A famous saint of Kashmir who propounded the philosophy of Shaivism and Sufism. She flourished in the middle of the fourteenth century and is considered as the Chancer of Kashmiri poetry.

Lantaraani

Literally, "you cannot see me". This is believed to be the reply received by Moses from God, Figuratively, a refusal.

Maanziraat

See against "Henna" above.

Naryvaar

The cuffs of the outer garment (phyeran) of Kashmiri Pandit women were decorated by brocade or any other costly material. But a widow was not permitted to do so. The cuff-bends are called Naryvaar.

Nunaposh

The violet flower. It grows on hill sides, and is plucked and collected by women belonging to the Gujar tribe. After collecting them, they

sell them to merchants who give salt (Kashmiri Noon) in exchange. The flowers have great medicinal properties.

- Pirimughan* The tavern keeper. One who sells wine.
- Pirpanchal* The mountain range separating the vale of Kashmir from the rest of the country.
- Rahim* Two names, Rahim a Muslim and Ram of a Hindu. Here use as generic terms.
- Ram*
- Rawalpindi* A famous city, now in Pakistan. It was to this city that abducted Kashmiri women were taken and forced to become prostitutes.
- Saag* The commonest vegetable grown in Kashmir. It is also the cheapest.
- Saqi* The cup bearer—one who serves wine.
- Satisar* See under 'Kashyap' above.
- Telbal* A famous brook in the valley of Kashmir. Which ends in Dal lake.
- Tumbakhnaar* A sort of a tabor-like instrument with a long narrow neck. The larger opening has a hide fastened to it to cover it and this side is struck by the fingers to produce music. Tumbakhnaar is the principal instrument used on the occasions of marriages and is generally, used by women when singing in chorus.
- Tur* The mountain on which Moses addressed God to reveal Himself to him.
- Vatsun* A form of poetry in Kashmiri.
- Wallar* Perhaps the largest fresh-water lake in Asia about 55 Kms towards north west of Srinagar.

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